J

MAY 20 1949

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

Vol. XXXVII. No. 948. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1949 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 457
THE PURGE IN THE PARTNERSHIP . . . 460
POLAND REVISITED. By Alexander Werth . 460
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic 461
THIS ENGLAND 462
THE PRICE OF ADMIRALTY. By Sagittarius . 462
AMERICAN LABOUR AND OURSELVES. By R. H. S. Crossman, M.P. 462
BACKWARD GLANCE 463
THE DEAD HAND IN MALAYA. By Woodrow Wyatt, M.P. 464
HILL FARMING AND NATIONAL PARKS. By W. J. Heywood 465
HORSE SENSE. By Allan M. Laing . . . 465
SO THEY SAY . . . By Autolycus . . . 465
LETTERS FROM TWO ISLANDS. By J. B. Priestley 466
MICE AND MEN. By Roy Fuller . . . 466
HENGIST AND HORSA. By Mervyn Jones . . 467
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:
The Palermo Festival—I. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor 467
Mr. Wyndham Lewis. By Patrick Heron . 468
Television Notes. By W. E. Williams . . 468
The Movies. By William Whitebait . . 469
CORRESPONDENCE 470
From H. N. Brailsford; David Pyke; M. R. Werner; Cicely M. Craven; Lady (Ernest) Simon; C. Brunel; F. F. Seeley; Max Beloff; Abdulla El Fazib; Marcel Harrison; W. T. Wright; Derek Edwards; Miron Grindea.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett . Page 472
REVIEWS:
A Tragedy of Greatness. By R. H. S. Crossman, M.P. 474
Lambs to the Slaughter. By K. John . . 475
The Universities. By Sir Fred. Clarke . . 476
Cases. By Ralph Partridge 478
How to Catch Them. By Norman MacKenzie 480
Boring Bullfighters. By Giles Romilly . . 480
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West 482
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 484
CHESS. By Caissa 485

PROPAGANDA OR REALISM?

THE cautious and leisurely conversations of Dr. Jessup and Mr. Malik seem to have led both Washington and Moscow to the same conclusion. Each now believes that the other's desire for negotiations is "genuine," and that a resumed Conference of the Foreign Ministers, instead of slipping back into the well-known grooves of disagreement, might disclose a new way towards breaking the German deadlock. It seems virtually certain that the blockade will be lifted on May 12, and that the Foreign Ministers will meet, in Paris, on May 23. Their discussions, it is clear, will extend beyond the technical problems of the government of Berlin and its dual currency; the old issues—reparations, control of the Ruhr, East-West trade—will once more be reviewed, this time on the basis of a *de facto* partition of Germany.

It is understandable that the first reaction of the Foreign Office was one of acute uneasiness. These bilateral conversations, in which Britain took no part, have been given publicity at the precise moment when Congressmen are anxiously looking for any excuse to cut the allocations for Marshall Aid and military Lend-Lease. Moreover, whatever the State Department may now say, a resumed Foreign Ministers' Conference is bound to disturb the highly unstable agreement between the occupying Powers and the Western German politicians. The Foreign Office asks itself nervously whether it is worth risking the Western German State for the sake of an agreement with the Russians which may never come off.

Mr. Acheson, apparently, is not a prey to such anxieties. He believes that the position of the Western Powers has been so immensely improved since the Foreign Ministers parted in December, 1947, that we can now negotiate from strength. This is true upon one condition—that Mr. Acheson, Mr. Bevin, and Mr. Schuman really know what they want in Germany and are agreed at least on a short-term policy.

The issue before them is often presented as a dilemma. We can *either* unify Germany and prevent the revival of German militarism by jointly operated Four-Power control; *or* we can retain a divided Germany and integrate the Western State into Western Union. If the Foreign Ministers resume their Conference in the intractable mood in which they broke it off, this dilemma will dominate their talks. Each side will accuse the other of partitioning Germany and claim for itself the virtuous desire for German unity. Along this road no progress is possible. The plain fact is that we do not trust the Russians —or the Germans—sufficiently to withdraw our troops and let the Germans decide for themselves between the East and the West; and the Russians, in this respect, are in much the same situation as we are. For propaganda purposes they may propose a simultaneous withdrawal of troops and the establishment of a central German Government; but the main aim of this proposal will be to break up the Western German State by putting the blame for partition on the Western Powers.

If there is to be a genuine "agreement to disagree" it can only be achieved by a rigorous abstention from such "propaganda diplomacy," and the recognition that the partition of Germany, in the short term at least, is the lesser evil for both the Russians and ourselves. Formally, of course, it may be desirable to cover the nakedness of partition with some harmless and ineffective form of central German authority. But any real unification of Germany in the present state of East-West tension would merely enable the Germans to play us off against the Russians and so make an ultimate peace settlement impossible. A unified Germany is only tolerable when Russia and America really trust one another and are prepared to co-operate in creating a unified Europe strong enough to neutralise any German aggression. That time is still a long way off.

The aim, therefore, of Mr. Bevin in the negotiations ahead should be not to write a final German peace treaty but to enable the Western-controlled Western Zone and the Eastern-controlled Eastern Zone to exist side by side for some years without undue friction and without any irrevocable act of partition. If it is argued that such an objective is unduly modest, it must be replied that even the most modest agreement is preferable to a splendid failure.

Crisis in Trizonia?

Meanwhile the economic situation in Western Germany is deteriorating catastrophically. Shop-windows are full, and luxury expenditure is much in evidence. But unemployment has reached 10 per cent.; goods traffic is declining; building operatives are standing idle while workers in the Ruhr and the Rhineland are still living in cellars; factories no longer have full order books; and even the domestic demand for constructional steel from the Ruhr is slumping. As we forecast at the time, currency reform without a levy on physical capital assets has grossly accentuated maldistribution of wealth in Trizonia; it is now estimated that only 60 per cent. of the population can afford to buy in full the official food ration. The situation has been aggravated by a policy of monetary deflation which out-rivals that of the Italian Government; mass purchasing-power is crumbling faster than prices, and observers unite in finding a marked resemblance between present conditions and those which followed the collapse of the German boom in the early 'twenties. There is the same bitter disillusionment among the workers, and the same callous indifference on the part of the small section of well-to-do.

Shanghai Isolated

The strategy of the Communist advance across the Yangtze into Southern China recalls that of the Russian counter-attack across the Don after the German failure to capture Stalingrad. That is, while the Nationalist troops defending Shanghai are masked by what appears to be a minor attack launched along the Nanking-Shanghai railway, the real offensive is being carried out by powerful columns moving South-east in concentric circles towards the coast. One Communist spearhead has already reached Hangchow, thereby severing Shanghai's land communications with the South, and the encirclement of Shanghai is being completed, nearer at hand, by Communist forces which have cut the railway at Kashing, midway between Shanghai and Hangchow. The Kuomintang military commander in Shanghai is reported to be busily engaged in levying blackmail on the city's Chinese merchants, using a threat that, unless he is adequately remunerated, he will defend the city street by street. The Communists, however, seem unlikely to assault Shanghai—at any rate until they have built up sufficient supplies to bring into the city behind their attacking forces. Already the problem of food in Shanghai must be becoming critical. The Communists' next objective will probably be to force the Chien Tang river in the direction of Yenchow, 100 miles south-west of Hangchow, and to compress Chiang Kai-shek's forces in Chekiang into a pocket similar to that which they have now closed round Shanghai. It seems doubtful whether the remnants of the National Government in Canton can succeed in mobilising a co-ordinated defence system; even the loyalty of their naval craft is now in doubt. Probabilities point rather to fighting, or negotiations, in detail between the provincial War Lords and the Communist authorities.

Unrest in Uganda

There is an ominous note in the latest news from Uganda. The whole of one province has been declared a "disturbed area"; troops and armoured cars have been imported from Kenya; a press censorship has been introduced; there have been 200 arrests of "malcontents"; and the Bataka Party and the African Farmers Union have been proscribed by the Governor on the ground that they have been acting under Communist inspiration and have Communist contacts overseas. It may be that Communism has lately been infiltrating into Uganda, and that the Bataka —originally an organisation of clan leaders—has become a front for agitation of the sort which Colonial Governors deem subversive. But if there is unrest among the Negroes of Uganda, how much of it may not be due to disappointed hopes of admission to a greater share in democratic government, and resentment at the needlessly repressive Ordinances issued by the Governor last summer? It is little consolation to be assured that troop movements have now brought about a "considerable improvement in the security position." These developments are unpleasantly reminiscent of similar troubles in other African colonies.

Depth Charge from Geneva

The *Economic Survey of Europe* for 1948, issued by the Economic Commission for Europe, will come as a shock to those who believe that the West European pacts and unions have brought Western Europe any nearer to a solution of its underlying economic problems. By the end of 1948, European production had recovered to its 1938 level. The West European deficit has been cut down by $1,600 million, mainly through reducing the abnormal imports of previous years from the U.S.; but it still amounts to $5,600 million, of which $3,700 million is the dollar deficit. There has been an increase of only 20 per cent. in intra-West European trade; and only a small increase in exports to the U.S.A. Here, the *Survey* emphasises, lies the really intractable problem: the obverse of the European deficit is the American surplus; and, now that Europe has attained this measure of recovery, it is the surplus aspect which is uppermost. The onus of the decision as to what is to happen to the surplus now lies with the U.S.A.: it must face the alternatives of importing more, or exporting less, or lending on a really planned basis. Pending that decision, it is no use Mr. Finletter urging West European countries to settle the problem by getting together, or by trading more with "other countries," since the surplus is universal, and U.S. policy itself prevents the development of East-West European trade. The "unofficial" Council for Europe, whose ideas of economic policy seem to have survived from 1933, would do well to study this ruthless analysis of the real European situation to-day.

Mr. Truman's Health Plan

President Truman's Health Bill has now been introduced into Congress; but it stands at the end of too long a queue for any progress to be expected for it during the current session. It will, however, be discussed in committee, in competition with Senator Taft's Bill, which makes the proposed Health Service open only to persons who can pass a severe means test. The American Medical Association has already come out violently against both Bills, denouncing any proposal to "socialise medicine" as a step by which the health of the Americans "would be seriously endangered if this Old World scourge is allowed to spread to the New World." The A.M.A. proceeds to describe the proposed Health Service as "the discredited system of decadent nations which are now living off the bounty of the American people"—an interesting example of the common illusion among the Americans that they are paying for our Health Service out of Marshall Aid. The long-run prospects for Mr. Truman's measure seem to depend, like so much else, on the attitude of the Southern Democrats, who can block it, if they choose, by voting with the Republican Opposition. Mr. Truman's line still appears to be that his best chance lies in appealing over Congress's head to the public opinion that voted him into office. In view of the strength of the private insurance and medical lobbies, he will have a tough nut to crack in this instance—if indeed he really means to crush it, and not simply to stake out a claim for the next election.

The Return of Taft-Hartley

A much more immediate and serious problem for Mr. Truman is labour legislation. The effort to repeal the Taft-Hartley Act, to which he is committed, is breaking down. Congress has subjected the repeal proposals to the process of slow mangling in which it can excel. By an overwhelming majority, the House of Representatives has thrown out a proposal to replace the Taft-Hartley Act by its New Deal predecessor, the Wagner Act. Technically, this may be sensible, since the old Act had shown undeniable weaknesses. But the vote was really a political demonstration against the liberal spirit of the Wagner Act, which is a different matter. The House has now passed to other Bills, designed in varying degree to maintain the employers' safeguards written in the Taft-Hartley Act while making small gestures towards the clear demands of organised labour. This method, among other things, enables Representatives to play their favourite game of voting one way on amendments that may please labour and liberal constituents and another way on crucial votes to please the lobbyists of the corporations. The President is well aware of this desire to play both sides of the political street and, in one of his typical indiscretions, has threatened to use his patronage powers to bring recalcitrants into line. This would sound more convincing if he had done this from the start of his new term, as liberals suggested, and made himself as much of a master as he could, and if the House were as susceptible to patronage persuasion as the Senate. But, at least, the President keeps himself on the side of labour, even if his leadership is ineffective.

Opencast Coal

Considering the importance of the subject, the Select Committee's report on opencast coal is an unsatisfactory document. The conclusions at which it arrives are in no way unreasonable, though they are somewhat inconclusive; but they are reached by a process of reasoning from which the major premise—a firm estimate of the optimum future production of coal from all sources—is completely missing. The Committee was evidently impressed by the considerations that the 13 million tons of opencast production are secured (even after deducting the 9*d.* a ton "compensation" somewhat absurdly paid to the N.C.B.) at a loss of over 2*s.* a ton; that output costs range very widely from 14*s.* 3*d.* to over 57*s.* a ton; that the 43,000 acres requisitioned for opencast are a serious loss to agriculture, especially since farming on adjacent, unrequisitioned land frequently becomes unbalanced; that there is some doubt whether the fertility of restored sites may not be impaired; and that opencast production involves considerable expenditure of dollars on machinery, petrol and diesel oil. The view is therefore expressed that the Government should review the policy of producing opencast coal at a loss; that future contracts should be concentrated on the cheaper sites; and that, as a rule, no further sites should be developed if the contractor's estimate of production costs exceeds 30*s.* a ton. There may well be a case for gradually tapering off the exploitation of the more expensive sites; and loss of food production is a factor which must be taken seriously into account. The determination of policy, however, clearly involves a decision by the Government as to the total amount of coal which it wants to have produced both by opencast and deep mining. The National Coal Board's Marketing Director seemed to imply in his evidence to the Committee that, by 1951, the Board's programme would result in deep-mined coal output being sufficient for "requirements." Does this forecast pre-suppose an expansion or diminution of demand? Certainly, at the moment, there seems little likelihood of deep-mined coal production exceeding 200 million tons; and, not merely is the programme of big new developments hanging fire, but recruitment of man-power into the industry is failing to keep pace with normal wastage. Mr. Gaitskell can reasonably be asked to keep the opencast programme "under review," but it is by no means clear that the country can yet afford to do without coal from this source.

Labour and the Co-operatives

The Co-operative Congress, meeting this week at Scarborough, has been concerned mainly with two issues—its own internal organisation, and its relations with the Labour Party. Despite the big

advances made this year by the institution of "national membership," which for the first time allows members of almost any local Society to draw dividend on purchases at almost any other, Co-operators are well aware that their organisation is in many respects still too parochial, and that there is no provision for enabling the whole movement to speak clearly with a single voice. They are the more anxious to put this right because, as Labour's socialisation programme advances, it inevitably comes up against some activities in which Co-operation is already entrenched —the distribution of milk and coal, many kinds of wholesaling, and the manufacture of utility consumers' goods. Neither the Labour Party nor the Co-operators have yet thought out at all clearly where to draw the line between public ownership and the stimulation of Co-operative enterprise; but Labour's programme for the second five years, with its stress on distribution and the supply of utility goods, has brought the question right to the front.

The N.U.R. Tries Again

The N.U.R., instead of making threats of immediate direct action, has wisely decided to go forward with an amended wage claim for 10s. a week, and also for concessions on Saturday afternoon pay on the lines of those given recently to the dockers. At any rate in respect of the lower-paid grades, the railwaymen have a very strong case: a wage of well under £5 a week is in these days barely a living wage for any industry under urban conditions; and, if the N.U.R. had concentrated on the demand for a higher minimum, it would have been very difficult for the various tribunals involved to reject their claim. But, of course, a higher minimum without concessions to other grades upsets "wage-relatives"; and there are on the railways a good many men who, though they get more than the minimum, are not well-paid in relation to their skill. In the past, rail wages have been depressed by the ability of the companies to recruit largely in the country areas; but the rise of rural wages and the shortage of labour in agriculture have largely stopped up this source. In effect, the N.U.R. has a valid case, not only for a higher minimum, but also for *some* —not necessarily a proportionate—rise for other relatively under-paid grades. It will not be easy to strike the right balance; but, despite Mr. Attlee's reiterated assertion this week that the "wages stop" is still as much needed as ever, the tribunals cannot, without doing grave injustice, send the railway workers a second time empty away.

Newton Aycliffe

Lord Beveridge, in his preface to the "master plan" for Newton Aycliffe, Co. Durham, which has been issued this week, stakes out the claim that, whereas other towns of 10,000 people are famous for cathedrals or theatres, or as market centres, Aycliffe means to be famous for its pre-eminence in living conditions. Aycliffe, he points out, can be planned from first to last with hardly any inhibiting conditions. It need have no factories or industries in its midst, because these will all be located on the nearby Trading Estate to which the new town owes its establishment. There is plenty of land for building without crowding houses together, or shutting out the country; and it will be possible to plan the whole town for beauty in its surroundings and for the utmost convenience and labour-saving provision in its homes. All this will take time: the plan proposes to spread the development over the next eight or ten years. When it is finished, there are expected to be 10,000 people, housed in 1,820 separate houses, 476 flats, 200 dwellings for old people, 225 maisonnettes, and 700 rooms in hostels of various kinds. In addition, of course, the town will have its public buildings, shops and amenities, including a theatre and concert hall, cinemas, hotel, and a covered swimming bath. With Darlington seven miles off, it will have also a convenient metropolis. Lord Beveridge writes of these prospects with much gusto; and, indeed, the prospective contrast with the Durham industrial village of the past and present is sufficient cause for enthusiasm.

May Day in Paris

Our Paris correspondent writes: According to the Right-wing press, the ranks of the Communist-C.G.T. procession which marched from the Place de la Nation to the Bastille were "extremely thin." According to my observations, it took a column, 12-15 deep, four hours to march past the tribune. As May Days go, it was as large and vigorous a demonstration as most—vigorous, not pugnacious: the slogans demanded in the main two things only—better pay and peace. A curious feature was provided by a couple of brand-new tractors waltzing along the Faubourg St. Antoine, and scattering leaflets proclaiming that, owing to the Marshall Plan, the French tractor industry was threatened with unemployment. Picasso's Dove was in great evidence.

Away at the other end of Paris, and of the political prism, the de Gaulle Rally in the Bois de Boulogne was a small, curiously incongruous affair. It was organised as part of a *fête foraine*, complete with stalls selling nougat and exhibiting a pair of Siamese twins, and where the owner of a booth kept inviting the public to chuck a ball at a pyramid of empty tins: *"Voyons, Messieurs, dames, vingt francs seulement—faites donc un geste pour le Général!"* On the fringe of the fair, the General appeared on top of a high platform, and blamed the Metro for the small attendance—50,000 would be a generous estimate, and in this middle-class crowd there was a striking lack of fervour. De Gaulle wanted the Communists to be liquidated, though he did not say how; he blamed "the regime of mediocrity and chloroform" for doing nothing about it; he wanted capital and labour to work in harmony without "sectarianism"; he criticised the Atlantic Pact as being totally ineffective as a safeguard for France; and he complained that the "chloroformists" were allowing the Anglo-Americans, blind to the lessons of history, to build up the Fourth Reich. He was clearly worried and bitter about the "complacency" which the Queuille Government had created, and urged that France must organise a big modern army of her own in order once again to become an independent Great Power.

Among his supporters, this is the least popular of his lines; but one had the feeling that he succeeded at least in shaking his listeners out of the happy mood that a sunny May Day had created in their hearts. In fact, there was one significant similarity between the atmosphere of the Rally and that of the Communist procession: in both one sensed the profound French horror of being dragged into another war. All parties here realise that, if war came, France would be helpless. The nation-wide slogan, *Foutez-nous la paix!* is addressed with equal force to Russia and America alike. Both Left and Right fear that France may be dragged into a war without being consulted. Queuille's melancholy reflection that, in the absence of vast American armies in France, "you will next time liberate a corpse" is a synthesis of both Gaullist and Communist feeling.

PARLIAMENT: Limiting Speech

Wednesday

"To paraphrase . . . " began Glenvil Hall in reply to Peake's "all-important question of compensation." He might just as well have sung "Oranges and Lemons" for all the heed the Tories gave him during the last ten minutes of the Iron and Steel Bill (Report Stage).

During the monotonous four-days' dunning of the Government, the nursery-rhyme must have seemed to many to be the essence of the talk. "You owe me five farthings," said a Tory amendment—or something like it. "When will you pay me?" said the bells of Old Bailey. (Here was a reference to the fees of directors and a hint of the penalties which in certain circumstances may be required of them.) And each night, along came the Chief Whip with his candle: "a chopper to chop off your head." The Guillotine fell with a heavy clunk.

There is a certain tedium in pounding a bare fist against a brick wall, and the Tories, after the long-drawn Committee Stage, can be forgiven for flagging in enthusiasm. A Labour three-line whip had made the Government inflexible, and the moderate attack of Lyttelton and Manningham-Buller left it unmoved. Bracken in one of his night-fighting ecstasies might have given life to a Tory cause so conclusively lost, but he wasn't present; and the debate died amid Opposition grumbles, grunts, irrelevant shouts of "Resign!" and an inarticulate display of bad manners by Colonel Dower.

When the Deputy-Chairman, Mr. Bowles, was in the middle of a reprimand to the Committee for its hubbub, Dower shouted, "Sit down!" Mr. Bowles, almost as shocked as other Members, recovered his composure and ordered Dower to withdraw. Dower, waving an arm at the Tory benches, said that he thought he saw an Hon. Member standing up. (Gasps of "Oo-er!" from the Labour benches.) Whatever Dower's motive, whether he was trying to help Mr. Bowles to keep order or alternatively flouting his authority, his intervention was unedifying, and his exit imperfect. He got entangled in the Lobby with the voters.

Disorderly behaviour in the House is always a short-cut to publicity for Members who regard themselves as too long unnoticed. It is rarer that notoriety comes to Members for extravagant politics outside the House. No one, for example, looking at Thornton-Kemsley, inconspicuous except for a glittering monocle fixed like a zero in his eye, would have thought that he could have attracted such wide publicity to himself by proposing political tests for employment by John Lewis. Yet there are few attempts against personal liberty by groups or Governments that have excited more anger among Members than this attack on freedom of thought.

Hughes, a Fabian, and Eric Fletcher—well on the Right of the Labour Party—both protested against the discriminatory censorship proposed by the John Lewis Partnership. Had Mr. Speaker permitted further questions, a dozen other Labour Members would have pressed the case against a high-handed and arbitrary bar, more appropriate in a Fascist or Communist dictatorship than in Britain.

The Minister of Labour spoke with the traditional decency of a constitutional democrat when he stated his Department's policy and deplored the John Lewis proposal. The Tories neither supported nor challenged the Labour questions. They were silent. The House could see the ugly and logical goal of political tests which would mean the economic persecution of political opponents.

Members were indignant about the John Lewis affair because of the principle involved. Yet the danger of arbitrary tests was emphasised by the confusion in the minds of extremist Tories between Socialists and Communists. Thurtle and Wilson Harris had asked about the qualifications of the former editor of *British Ally*. A Tory, in a supplementary, said that the dividing line between Socialists with Marxist views and Communists has never been definable.

What can be stated is that if the John Lewis principle were universally applied, Mayhew and Gallacher might find themselves shoulder to shoulder at the end of a bread-line.

MAURICE EDELMAN

THE PURGE IN THE PARTNERSHIP

THE decision to exclude Communists from the John Lewis Partnership has aroused justifiable anxiety and protest. By a vote of sixty to thirty-four, the Central Council—elected in part by the employees of this group of department stores—has agreed to penalise any of the twelve thousand "partners" who are not prepared to sign a declaration repudiating Communist beliefs. This introduces an unwelcome and unpleasant precedent for private employers in this country. It cannot be disguised or excused by the evasive answer that the Lewis organisation is a "partnership" and that "partners" may freely establish any conditions they please upon membership. Any firm with thousands of employees, whatever they may be called and no matter what elaborate machinery of "industrial democracy" they may be permitted, must be judged by the normal standards of business enterprise. The John Lewis workers are not generally organised into accepted trade unions. They may, therefore, be induced to accept conditions of employment which would be fought to the end in other trades where non-discrimination is a first principle of unionism. In fact, the Minister of Labour went out of his way to reaffirm this principle in the House of Commons on Tuesday.

Mr. John Lewis and his many "partners" are presumably acting within their legal rights if they purge their Partnership. But, by taking the lead in a witch-hunt of Communists in private employment, where no questions of public security are in any way involved, they have raised an issue of vital public interest.

The events which preceded the decision to purge the Communists are important. It appears that, in a private session of the Central Council, there was some discussion about the disposal of certain distributable surpluses. Arguing against their allocation to the pension fund, one Councillor urged that they should be used to increase the pay of "partners" in the lower grades, who have been receiving less than the union rate. After this, the Chairman, Mr. Lewis, had some correspondence with the Councillor about wages and trade union conditions. Commenting upon this exchange of letters in the house organ, the *Gazette*, on March 19, Mr. Lewis gently reprimanded the Councillor for talking "so loosely and misleadingly," and added: "Such loose half-truths are grossly misleading and can do poisonous harm in spreading false notions, discontent and discouragement." The Councillor, in the opinion of the Chairman, was overlooking the benefits of the co-partnership system—its pension fund, its sports and welfare activities, its training methods—and was making invidious comparisons with the wage-rates paid by Co-operative Societies, many of whose members think it better "to have their children bringing home more money than to have the Society distributing the same money in dividend."

Before the publication of this article by Mr. Lewis, a meeting of the Central Council had been held on February 28, at which it was asked "at the request of the Chairman, to consider whether the Partnership ought to admit or retain Communists—or for that matter, Fascists." (Mr. Lewis, personally, takes his stand against "totalitarianism." Indeed, he has since suggested that he may veto the proposed purge unless "all totalitarians" are included, since a unilateral ban on Communists "would be so open to misunderstanding and misrepresentation as to be dangerous to the business.")

The February debate led in the end to the anti-Communist decision on April 25. Two odd facts emerge. The first is that the decision of the Central Council seems to be at odds with that of the Branch Councils; out of twenty-three Branch Councils so far reporting their views, fifteen opposed the attitude taken by the Central Council, two were ambiguous, and six endorsed it. The second is that, behind the talk—in the Central Council debate—of "cleansing the canker from our midst" and "striking them where they crawl," there is a clear and definite issue of industrial relations. The issue is not of "poisonous snakes," as one "partner" put it, nor even Mr. Thornton-Kemsley's version of Marxist texts. It is a matter of management-employee attitudes in a much-publicised experiment in co-partnership.

That there may be a handful of Communists in the Partnership is likely. That these Communists, together with other employees, may be interested in securing trade union conditions and trade union organisation, is probable. In what almost amounts to a company union, organisation may well have to be secret. The Union concerned, the Shop Assistants, Distributive and Allied Workers, admits that it would like to recruit the Lewis employees, and its London Divisional Council has gone on record against the proposed purge.

Once the principle of discharging "partners" for their political views is accepted, it can easily be extended. A sincere Socialist may believe that co-partnership is not an ideal method of organising the retail trade. An orthodox trade unionist may genuinely prefer higher wages and collective bargaining to a gamut of "welfare" activities and a complicated "parliamentary" system of representation. Of course, the Partnership can reply that workers who dislike these things are not obliged to offer themselves for membership. But the same argument might be used by a steel works as an excuse for refusing to employ a member of the Labour Party. It reflects the state of mind of the nineteenth-century captain of industry, who insisted upon the open shop as a "protection" for the honest workman.

So far, this country has not succumbed to the anti-Communist hysteria which is scourging the colleges and public service of the United States. Even there, there has been hesitation about extending heresy hunts to industry, and even the deliberately anti-Communist Taft-Hartley Act protected the worker from victimisation by his employer or his union on grounds of his faith or political opinions.

The firm position taken by Mr. Isaacs lends support to the critics of the Lewis Partnership. It should also deter other commercial firms from following its objectionable example.

POLAND REVISITED

AT first sight it is still a very different country from earnest Czechoslovakia, where they diligently study Marx and Lenin, and take it all very solemnly. The day I arrived in Warsaw happened to be April 1. Buying a copy of *Szpilki*, the comic paper, I found it to be an uproarous All-Fools' Day skit on the more sensational of the Warsaw evening papers. It led with a banner headline: "HITLER IS STILL ALIVE"; and then, in tiny print—"in the hearts of all true Social-Democrats of Western Germany." The story below was a description of the "mass meeting of the 1,243 Prime Ministers of Western Germany in the Frankfurt Sturmbannführerbierwalhalle"—a peach of a Beachcomberism. And then somebody told me that they had had a wonderful First of April hoax on the Warsaw radio that morning, with brass bands playing the Polish anthem and God Save the King, and Mr. Churchill a fugitive from Yank-invaded England, making a Churchillian speech at Warsaw airfield and announcing that he had come to Freedom-Loving Poland to set up a Free British Committee. However, it did not take long to discover that this light-hearted "Western" approach to things was not really typical of present-day Poland, though there is, I repeat, a good deal more laughter and joking still in Warsaw than there is in Prague.

Poland is passing through what is called "a difficult transition stage." A year ago, Poland was admired—even by bitter enemies of her regime—for the remarkable progress of her reconstruction. To-day, this economic development is not proceeding quite so smoothly: the total abolition of rationing in January did not prove an unqualified success, and the frequent meat and fat shortages are a source of widespread irritation, not least among the working-class. Moreover, since the Merger Congress in December, the Communists have dropped all pretence of sharing authority with any other parties. This may not make any great practical difference; but the fact that there can now exist only one opinion "on top" (Premier Cyrankiewicz is now apparently little more than a figurehead) does make a certain psychological difference. The strong Polish desire to believe in the existence of "two opinions" perhaps largely accounts for the widespread rumours about a split among the Communists themselves—the most common story being that there are the "Moderates," represented by Minc, and the "Extremists" represented by Berman, and by Minc's principal lieutenant, Eugene Szyr. As for President Bierut, he is sometimes described as a "Minc man," and sometimes as a "Berman man"—nobody quite knows where he stands.

The principal differences between the two schools of thought are said to be a greater desire, on the part of the Moderates, to make allowances for specific Polish conditions, and for the peculiarities of Polish mentality, and, in the case of the countryside, to stick to the cautious tempo of collectivisation as laid down by Minc last August. The Berman school, on the other hand, is supposed to think more in terms of Socialism, as part of a general East-European process, and less in terms of Poland. If one may judge from the press, this tendency is undoubtedly strong: one sees to-day very many more references to Marxism and Leninism than one did a year ago. Also, since the Merger, something is now happening which hardly ever happened before: the Soviet Union is, on a variety of occasions, set up as a model to Poland. You pick up a paper, and find, say, reports of meetings by Polish peasants who have just visited the Ukraine. "I became convinced" one declares, "that in the *kolkhozes* alone can the peasants find true happiness. My ambition is to organise *kolkhozes* in Poland." All this form of propaganda is new in Poland; so also are the articles in the press supporting the claims that Russians invented the steam engine, radio, penicillin, and whatnot.

While there is little to indicate that there is a real conflict between Berman and Minc, it is reasonable to suppose that there are some differences of opinion on the tempo of collectivisation, one school of thought holding that to force the pace is asking for trouble. And that there are plenty of trouble-makers in Poland still is apparent; indications are that the "underground," which

lay low for over two years after the Amnesty, has become active again; and it is widely alleged that its members are preaching passive resistance to the peasants and frightening them with the prospect of widespread collectivisation. The fat and meat shortage is attributed to numerous causes, the principal of which is a higher living standard and higher consumption by the urban workers. But there are also other causes—hoarding by the peasants; the stock-breeding campaign, largely carried out by the State farms; the building up of reserves by the Army and (this is denied by the authorities, but constantly asserted wherever you go) large exports to the Soviet Zone of Germany and to Russia herself. It is hard to say how large a factor among all these (real or supposed) factors passive resistance is; but it is widely said that the contracting for meat purchases throughout the countryside, undertaken by the State this spring, was disappointing.

While it would be absurd to consider the meat and fat shortage as a sign of basic weakness of present-day Poland, it is nevertheless a source of constant irritation, even though Minc, in his famous Six-Year Plan speech in December, explained why, for some time, this particular scarcity would be an inevitable accompaniment of the economic transformation Poland is now undergoing. Agricultural production, he said, had done remarkably well, but, with landholdings "backward and pulverised," agricultural output could not fully keep up with industrial development; while all other foods had greatly exceeded the pre-war *per capita* output, meat and fats were still only 91 per cent of the pre-war figure. Minc argued that the workers' real wages were now 10 per cent above 1939, and naturally added that in October 1948 in France they were down to 53 per cent of pre-war, while in Italy, with at least three million unemployed, conditions were worse still. Apart from higher real wages earned by the Polish worker, the fact that usually more members of a family are wage-earners now than before the war makes the working-class income even larger in terms of family budgets.

A feature of the Six-Year Plan (which starts at the end of this year, after the successful completion of the Three-Year Reconstruction Plan) is the decision to build two-thirds of the 350 brand new plants in parts of Poland, such as the Bialystok, Lublin, and Olsztyn provinces, which are almost completely rural at present; here "strongholds of Socialism must be created." Even now the face of Poland is rapidly changing. In 1937 the relation of agricultural production to industrial production was 55 : 45; it is now 36 : 64; and by 1955 it will be much more in favour of industry still. Naturally the spectacular pace of economic progress will not be kept up under the Six-Year Plan. The rate of increase of industrial output was 39 per cent in 1947, and 31 per cent in 1948. But, as Minc said:

> Up till now we have been rebuilding; but under the Six-Year Plan we shall be expanding. One obtains a great increase in production much more rapidly when rebuilding destroyed plants than when erecting them from scratch. Under the Six-Year Plan our annual increase will be 11 to 12 per cent. per annum, which means almost doubling our output in 6 years.

Coal will remain industry Number One—without, however, any spectacular rise in output; next will come chemicals, producing three times more nitrogen fertilisers than now; the third industry will be textiles; and a special effort will be made greatly to increase steel production and the output of machine tools, tractors and motor vehicles. Finally, to expand "rural production gradually, systematically, and on a strictly voluntary basis."

It would be a mistake to suppose that all Polish peasants are dead against collectivisation. The greater the poverty and overcrowding, the greater the inducements to enter collectives; and there are still plenty of poor and overcrowded parts of Poland. It would also be a mistake to accept as "typically Polish" all the grumbling and wise-cracking one hears in the cafés of Warsaw. Whether one likes it or not, the present regime is doing its utmost to turn the industrial workers into Class One citizens, and to make them conscious of their own importance. When things go seriously wrong, as they sometimes do, the Government does everything possible to put things right. That was the case when the food supply and much else went wrong in January. By February the Government had moved heaven and earth to put things right, and the revised production targets (for they had been too high, considering the fatigue factor) were duly exceeded.

The Government realises, however, that there is a good deal of resistance of one kind or another in Poland. As distinct from Russia, where they do not matter, foreign broadcasts are an important anti-Government influence in Poland; they are listened to regularly by the peasants and the bourgeoisie. Then there is the Church. For the first time since the war, the Government has now openly accused "a large part" of the hierarchy and the clergy of meddling in politics. This conflict with the Church will be one of the major events in Poland this year.

Warsaw, April. ALEXANDER WERTH

(To be continued)

A LONDON DIARY

"SURELY," I said to myself after listening for a few minutes to the speakers at the Royal Academy banquet, "this is something new in the B.B.C." What was it C. E. Montague said? That most Englishmen are "born two whiskies below par"—a remark on which I often ruminate, comparing the relative length of time it takes to unbutton tongues in England, Ireland, Scotland, America, France, Italy and other countries. Two whiskies? Yes; the B.B.C. gets the ration about right as a rule for people serving on Brains Trusts or in unscripted discussions. But then how restrained, how inhibited these discussions are in comparison with the manly plain-spoken orations at the Royal Academy banquet! How clearly did the doctrine emerge that the highest art is really photography! The decadence of all art that is not representational and popular was never more frankly denounced. In this matter Zdanov, Sir Alfred Munnings, President Truman and Göring are at one. I now await an equally unrestrained reply by one or two modern artists who could explain to the public just what they think of the paintings of the "old gang" and what they themselves are trying to do when they do not make trees look trees or women look womanly. After this, the B.B.C. will never be able to plead fear of what any broadcaster may say if he is turned loose on direct transmission. He could scarcely be more vulgar than the retiring President of the Royal Academy on the subject of "kicking Picasso on the something thingummy," or more tasteless than the Lord Chief Justice with his jovial "hanging" puns. In short, the B.B.C. is immensely to be congratulated on having stumbled, even if accidentally, on a broadcast in which the speakers said exactly what they thought. The Director General of the B.B.C. can scarcely refuse if modern artists now demand a broadcast of their uncensored comments after an equally satisfying and releasing banquet. Sir Alfred Munnings' remarks should serve to bring modern art from the Third to the Light Programme.

* * *

If *The Naked and the Dead*—Norman Mailer's novel on the Pacific war, due for publication by *Wingate* next Monday—had been a product of the Russian State Publishing concern, I have no doubt that the State Department would have tried to ban it as a Communist vilification of America. Actually it was issued months ago by an American publisher, has sold over 250,000 copies and been read, I suppose, by well over 2,000,000 Americans. Now the *Sunday Times* has begun a campaign for the suppression of the British edition on the rather quaint ground that our women must be protected. It is true enough that the conversations of Mr. Norman Mailer's soldiers are almost exclusively concerned with "birth, copulation and death." But I doubt whether the sort of woman who will grapple with this intensely serious war novel will learn much that she did not know before; and I fear that, as has happened before, the only result of newspaper condemnation will be to make a number of dirty-minded people spend 15s. only to find themselves disappointed. The *Naked and the Dead* is truthful in two important respects. It makes war intensely disgusting and it makes the talk of the sex-starved male as monotonous and boring as it really is. But is it a true picture of America? Apart from a Fascist general and a Communist intellectual, everyone is unspeakably dumb, brutal and vicious. In a series of flash-backs we see the home environment of the dozen main characters, Chicago racketing, Southern peonage, Detroit slumdom, etc., etc., and we learn why the conversation on the island is almost entirely concerned with "fugging." Despite spasms of nausea and patches of boredom, I couldn't help finishing this appalling book. Mr. Mailer does what he sets out to do—to prove, not the wickedness of war (there is none of Remarque's pacifism here), but that war is merely the continuation of the American way of life by other means.

* * *

Mailer's is a highly subversive book by the standards of the Committee on Un-American Activities; but I cannot see how anyone can find it pornographic, since so far from stimulating sexual fantasy, it reduces it to its dreariest physical level. What interests me is that this book should have become a best-seller in the U.S.A. Remarque made his name in a Germany, disillusioned and convulsed by the agonies of defeat, but even there he aroused outraged opposition. Americans apparently accept Mr. Mailer with quiet masochism. Reading every day about the unassailable strength of the American way of life and the necessity of preparing for the next war, do they find in Mr. Mailer an outlet for their suppressed anxieties? This may be a partial explanation. Another part, no doubt, is the fierce American tradition of muck-raking. It is one of the paradoxes of American democracy that, although it condones wickedness, it revels in its exposure. As we know from *Grapes of Wrath* or even the routine gangster film, no country flaunts its vices as well as its virtues with such munificence.

* * *

Confronted with an impossible problem, the Commonwealth has wisely decided to solve it by ignoring its existence. Ireland decided to be a Republic outside the Commonwealth. It seemed to follow that her citizens in this country must become foreigners. But the general inconvenience and silly legal complications that would arise from this logical outcome have been wisely by-passed. The Republic of Ireland has made herself a foreign country, but her nationals here

are not foreigners. Such a superb piece of common sense will please almost everyone. On this score, Mr. Costello is luckier than Pandit Nehru, for though a similar success in squaring the circle has been achieved in the case of India (which is now a Republic within the Commonwealth of which the King is Head), important sections of Indian opinion are opposed to the compromise. Not only Communists and the extreme followers of Mr. Bose are opposed to the Indian Government's decision to remain within the Commonwealth, but, more important, Mr. Jaiprakash Narain, the secretary of the Socialist Party and an old friend and supporter of Nehru, is strongly critical, and so are many stout Congressmen who believe that India is in danger from Imperialism as long as it maintains its contacts with Britain. Pandit Nehru returns this week with the troublesome task of soothing the fears and restoring the enthusiasm of large numbers of his followers.

* * *

Apparently General Clay reversed Mr. T. S. Eliot's formula and decided to leave Germany "not with a whimper but a bang." The story is worth recording. The three Foreign Ministers, when they met in Washington, quickly agreed to make some very generous concessions to the German constitution makers at Bonn, in order, no doubt, to get an agreement before the negotiations for lifting the Berlin blockade were made public. These concessions, however, were on the very points where General Clay for months has been adamantly negative. True to the Washington principle that the departmental war is the one that matters, General Clay, when the memorandum arrived in Frankfurt, sat on it for a fortnight, thereby precipitating the Socialist walk-out at Bonn. At this point General Robertson's Anglo-American good-will was exhausted. On his prompting Mr. Bevin made two urgent requests to Mr. Acheson that Clay should be disciplined. Acheson tried and failed, whereupon General Robertson first showed the memorandum privately to the Socialists and finally published it on his own authority. At once, the whole crisis subsided, agreement was reached and the only result was that the Socialists had been given a gratuitous political victory by their chief enemy.

* * *

This, I thought, reading my Sunday paper, is a really significant piece of news. According to report, an issue of *Pravda* and two issues of *Izvestia* had just been suppressed by the Czech police. The reason was said to be a suggestion in the Moscow press that circumstances might arise in which Russia would have to leave Czechoslovakia to its fate as the Western Powers had at the time of Munich. If it were true that the Soviet newspapers were putting forward such ideas, all sorts of exciting deductions could be made about changes in Soviet policy and Russian relations with Eastern and Central Europe. But was it true? I have since made inquiries and learnt that this rumour, discussed in the British press as an authentic report of something that had just happened in mid-April, had been going strong on the Continent ever since the first half of March. An expert examination of all issues of *Pravda* covering this period had revealed no article discussing Czech-Soviet relations. Nor is there any evidence that any issues of Russian newspapers have been confiscated, censored or suppressed in Prague at that or any other time. How could such a rumour arise? Easily enough. The method of the Czech censorship, as I myself have witnessed, is to withdraw from the news stands, without explanation or announcement, any newspapers that the authorities do not wish the Czech public to read. One day the foreign press will be on sale; the next day it will disappear. Obviously then there might be a day on which the Russian papers were delayed for some reason or other or even unattainable because they were sold out. Someone would start the rumour that they were confiscated; it would appear in Swiss or other Continental papers (as this one did) and find its way (as this one did) a month later into the British Sunday press as an up-to-date news story from Prague.

* * *

This week the suggested chess column makes its first appearance cheek by jowl with the literary competition. It begins life as a fortnightly feature over the signature of Caissa who, I believe, is the goddess of chess. Its future depends on the response accorded to it. Judging by the correspondence welcoming the idea it should have a remarkable career. Comments, criticisms and suggestions of general interest will be welcomed, and, if suitable for discussion in the column, accepted (and paid for) as contributions.

One technical problem immediately arises. Should Caissa use the familiar English notation? After all, only the English-speaking countries use our clumsy and long-winded system, and to maintain it in a column, which will, I hope, be read by people of many nationalities, is as insular as insisting on driving on the left-hand side of a French road or arguing that there is something immoral in the decimal system. Caissa has, however, begun with the British notation because he suspects that most foreigners know that P stands for Pawn, while only a minority of British chess enthusiasts have yet learnt the algebraic system in common use on the Continent. The advantages of the algebraic system are not only that it is universal, but also that it is much more precise and economic and that it saves both space and mistakes.

* * *

Diplomatic niceties were neatly observed at the gay little party given in London on Wednesday by the Representative of the new State of Israel. Mr. Helm, who was an excellent Minister at Budapest, was present; he is leaving to represent Britain at Tel Aviv. Rumour has it that Israel is to be recognised *de jure* soon after his arrival. But at the moment Israel has only *de facto* status in England; so I am not surprised to see that Mr. Bevin was not present, the Foreign Office being represented by Mr. Mayhew and the Cabinet by Mr. Morrison. I also noticed that when Mr. John Bevan, London editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, arrived, he had himself announced as Mr. Beevan. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Councillor H. W. Rywill, who seconded the resolution, said many butchers were "dying of broken hearts, not because of the rations or the prices they had to pay but because it was no longer a pleasure to stand in their shops and serve their customers."—*Manchester Guardian.* (Mrs. Lewis.)

Special praise to Petty Officer H. Robinson, gunnery instructor, who, when the guns jammed at one point, took out his false teeth and threw them towards the Communists with an appropriate insult.—*Daily Mail.* (J. Martell.)

There is something in the capture of fish, even when undertaken as a trade, which tends to improve the morals and intellect of those engaged in it.—*Home Words.* (P. A. W. Collins.)

Dandruff may be contracted by resting the head against infected upholstery in railway carriages. I suggest, therefore, that railway carriages should be boiled for twenty minutes at each station or halt.—Letter in *Daily Mirror.* (M. Webb.)

THE PRICE OF ADMIRALTY

Civil war in China! warships standing by!
Orders issued on the battle eve!
Britons are in Nanking! cruisers at Shanghai!
Ships proceed by Nationalist leave!
Nationalists scattered, Chiang Kai-shek in flight!
Warships use the river by custom and by right!
Combatants must recognise the Admiralty's might
On the Yang-tsi-Kiang.

Nationalists melting as the Communist advance,
Mao Tze-tung a shaky truce declares,
Eastern Station Admiral seizes a sporting chance,
Admiralty taken unawares!
Amethyst in ambush, up the river bound,
Infantry and batteries firing all around!
Heavy losses signalled, and *Amethyst* aground
On the Yang-tsi-Kiang.

Full responsibility taken by Whitehall,
Tributes to the Navy discipline!
Gallantry in action shown by one and all!
Admiralty tells the next of kin.
Government protesting at treacherous attack!
Wanton provocation! affront to Union Jack!
And forty British sailors will not come back
From the Yang-tsi-Kiang.

Hong-Kong may be threatened!
Shanghai under siege!
Admiralty conduct is correct.
Warships steaming eastward to bolster up prestige!
Communists must Britain's flag respect!
Admiralty orders! patrol the China seas!
Safeguard British interests, and British refugees,
But China and her Sorrow goes back to the Chinese,
On the Yang-tsi-Kiang.

Incident regretted! tradition is maintained!
Credit to Commanders on the spot!
Well-deserved citations by all survivors gained!
Action must be taken! But for what?
Admiralty gesture! warships near the shore,
But footholds lost in China
their guns will gain no more,
Admiralty blundered. It is not Britain's war
On the Yang-tsi-Kiang.

SAGITTARIUS

AMERICAN LABOUR AND OURSELVES

[*This is the last of a series of five articles by Mr. R. H. S. Crossman, M.P., who has recently returned from the U.S.A.*]

WHAT would have happened to British Labour during the last hundred years if Napoleon had won and we had grown up in a United States of Europe? Should we now be loyal members of a European Labour Party, with a clear-cut socialist programme? If we are to draw any analogies between American and British Labour, we can only do so by posing the problem in this kind of way. Nothing is more irritating to Americans than the bland assumption that they must follow our tight little British example. Consider only one other difference—that caused by the American "division of powers." Here in Britain everything is made as easy as possible for a party of reform which has a programme and is determined to push it through. It has five years to do the job, with no intervening elections; party discipline provides the Cabinet with a stable majority in Parliament; there is no Supreme Court to challenge the constitutionality of, for instance, the Reform of the House of Lords, no division

between executive and legislature, no problem of States Rights; and there is an efficient and incorruptible Civil Service ready to carry out with precision whatever orders are given. Judged by American standards, we live under a system of alternating party dictatorship; and our only political freedom is our right every fifth year to say which party dictatorship we prefer. Even under Socialism, our constitution—or lack of constitution—fits like the bark on the ancient tree of representative oligarchy.

Contrast the problems which face Mr. Truman and the American Labour leaders in putting the Fair Deal into action. Reform in the U.S.A. has never been achieved by a disciplined party winning an election and pushing through its legislative programme. It has always been the piecemeal resultant of a struggle of personalities and pressure groups, which cuts right across the two-party system. With elections every second year, the President has no stable parliamentary majority; the Constitution is not the bark of a growing tree, but a Procrustean bed to which he is tied; and his own party, in Congress and in the country, is not a loyal army but a crowd jostling round the pork barrel.

It is essential to remember these differences in assessing the political future of American Labour. The very idea of a homogeneous Socialist Party is a violation of the American way of life. Such a party can emerge for a time in a single State, but, if it tried to impose itself on the country as a whole, it would be repudiated as totalitarian. The Fair Deal will never be achieved by a Labour Movement which copies European tactics, or by well-intentioned liberals who have transferred their attachment for Soviet crèches to British socialised medicine. In the past, American Labour leaders have often behaved as though they still retained their membership cards in the Socialist parties of their countries of origin. With the end of large-scale European immigration, this political inferiority complex is vanishing. Though most of the leaders I met are sons of Socialists, or themselves one-time Socialists, they no longer feel a sense of shame that America has no "proper" Socialist Party. They realise that they must achieve their political objectives by the methods of American politics.

This means, in the first place, that Labour must become a really effective lobby, both at Federal and State level. For the lobby is often a more important instrument of policy-making than the party. The Farmers, the National Union of Manufacturers, the Veterans, the Realtors, are at present the well-greased hands which squeeze the legislators. If Labour could squeeze as effectively as the farmers, it could obtain economic privileges to match their Support Prices.

The lobby, however, is only effective on specific issues. The legislator can be "pressured" into rescinding the Taft-Hartley Act or supporting Federal housing, but the method fails when it comes to a whole programme, like the Fair Deal. So the need arises to elect legislators who are not merely pledged to support certain Labour proposals but can represent Labour consistently. What is needed is a Labour caucus in the House and Senate. Such a caucus could never hope to be more than a Congressional minority. But under a Democratic President, a minority which knows its own mind, and is prepared to make tactical alliances, could put most of the Fair Deal through—in a period of six to eight years. This Labour caucus, however, does not exist today. In contrast with the well-organised Dixiecrats, the New Liberals, despite the excellent work of A.D.A., are a collection of individuals. Labour has so far been unable to organise any expression of its policy in Congress.

But has it got a policy? "Your programme of nationalisation was made inevitable by neglect and incompetence. We're not going to let it become inevitable over here." This definition of Labour's aims by Dave Macdonald of the Steelworkers is a good enough beginning. Most Union leaders regard British Socialism as an admission of British industrial failure; and they argue that, by taking steps now to conserve resources and ensure capital re-equipment by Federal planning, America could make State ownership of transport, coal and steel quite unnecessary. They see the problem not as one of class power, but of efficiency; and some of them on this score are highly critical of British Trade Unionists with whom they have talked. "Instead of tackling production, your Union leaders between the wars preferred to blame unemployment and low wages on the capitalist system. Vague talk of nationalisation was a convenient excuse for their own failure to face the real problems." There is something in this criticism, as we are now discovering, when nationalisation has not automatically cured the evils of capitalism. American Unions have certainly gained in efficiency and self-confidence by refusing all such socialist "alibis". If their dues are high, many of them provide value for money; and their standard of organisation, research and education is really remarkable. Paradoxically, though they are opposed to State ownership—as distinct from Social Security and the Planned Economy—many of them are far better prepared than ours to take over an industry if ever the need arose.

Perhaps, after all, a coherent policy is a European refinement which American Labour does not need. Roosevelt's New Deal was not an issue in his election campaign, because he had never thought of it before he entered the White House: it was a purely pragmatic reaction to the slump. It may be, therefore, that America will evolve its planned economy not self-consciously and under deliberate political leadership, but through a series of pump-priming efforts to preserve capitalism. In that case, apart from a caucus in Congress and a political machine in the industrial areas, Labour's main requirement will be men capable of handling managerial problems, who can take charge when the Second New Deal appears from nowhere. Such men the Unions are already training in large numbers.

But if political opportunism is the order of the day in domestic affairs, this does not apply to foreign policy. The Communist purge forced the Movement to think hard about international affairs, and the A.F. of L. and C.I.O. support for the Marshall Plan was a conscious act of policy. It was not in the least motivated by the desire to export unemployment, but by the belief that Western Europe needed American aid to defeat Communism. Most British Socialists—and I include myself in the number—have been unimaginative and ungrateful in failing to recognise the role which Labour has played in shaping the Marshall Plan and ensuring that it assisted the "non-Communist Left" in Europe. In countless talks, I found that Union leaders, in what were once centres of hard-boiled isolationism, have a sound appreciation of the differences between a liberal and a reactionary foreign policy. They are by no means uncritically content with the Atlantic Treaty. They regard the handling of Greece and the overtures to Franco Spain as disastrous, and they rightly feel that E.C.A. would be improved if more Trade Unionists were recruited to high positions. What really infuriates them is the assumption so many of us have made over here that American policy is hysterically anti-Communist whereas Labour Britain is really striving for peace. Apart from India, they see nothing very liberal about the foreign policy of the Labour Government, and some of them suspect that Mr. Bevin was actually disconcerted by the Truman victory and the risk that—owing to it—peace would break out, and American aid be cut off.

Here we reach the hub of the problem. Without much encouragement from our side of the Atlantic, American Labour has proved itself a reliable friend in our hour of need. Marshall Aid may be a sound investment from the point of view of a few capitalists, but millions of ordinary workers gladly paid for it in taxation and did not get a cent out of it. Now they are being asked to pay for Lend-Lease as well, although they know that not even the U.S.A. can finance the re-armament of the Atlantic Powers and a Fair Deal in the same Budget. One very simple reason why most Americans—and the whole of American Labour—desire the end of the cold war, is that they are paying for it, whereas Western Europe is benefiting from it. Before we talk any more about "the American vested interest in Marshall Aid," we should remember there is a much stronger case for the suspicion that Britain has a vested interest in American-Russian dissension.

This suspicion could threaten Anglo-American co-operation. Anti-British feeling has only been suppressed by the greater fear of Communist Russia. Among American business men, there is a widespread belief that the success of British Socialism will increase the pressure for the Fair Deal, and this does not decrease their hatred of the Labour Government. The fact is that only Liberal-Labour America can be really friendly to us, and this friendship must be based on real mutual understanding. At the moment, American Labour shows much more tolerance and understanding of us than we do of it. It is high time that we forbade ourselves the luxury, in our Socialist thinking, of generalised anti-Americanism; acknowledged the role which American Labour has played since 1940; and admitted to ourselves that its political aims are as progressive as our own even if they are not described as Socialism. Lastly, and most important of all, we should stop giving patronising advice to our friends in America, and assume that we have at least as much to learn from them as they from us, and that neither can gain by copying the other.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

BACKWARD GLANCE

From The New Statesman, 25 Years Ago

The German Government in the forthcoming negotiations must be dealt with on a footing of absolute equality . . . The basis of the Experts' Report is the restoration of German industrial prosperity . . . The present rulers of Germany, including the great industrialists, are thoroughly convinced of the desirability, in their own interests, of securing and honestly maintaining a practical and definite economic settlement . . . If Monsieur Poincaré chooses to accept the inevitable, and to co-operate in the reconstruction of German economic sovereignty and industrial prosperity, peace will at last be in sight and all the world will rejoice.

* * *

The Budget, on the whole, is popular. Mr. Snowden has given a bit to almost everybody, and there can be no doubt that his Budget is a good electioneering stroke . . . Here, then, is the dreadful secret of "Socialist finance." It means, for all practical purposes, nothing worse than higher super-tax, regraduated and increased death-duties and an effective taxation of land values on the one hand, together with the disappearance of tea and coffee and sugar duties, on the other. Is this a prospect that will terrify

the country? We shall be very much surprised if it does.

* * *

The King has sat for Mr. Sims for his head—perhaps a Lady-in-Waiting sat for the much-exposed legs. This is an astonishing picture. The general style is that in which the Grand Monarch might have been painted, billowing Garter robes of dazzling whiteness and rich dark blue. But the head is a realistic study and has a pathetic effect on the top of these magnificent properties . . . the effect of a sympathetic passage by Mr. Bennett introduced into a page of Mr. Gibbon.

* * *

Players No. 3. In packets, 10 for 8*d*. (*Advt.*).

THE DEAD HAND IN MALAYA

[The first instalment of Mr. Woodrow Wyatt's account of conditions in Malaya was published in our issue of March 19, immediately after his return from the East. The delay in publishing his second article has been due to his illness.]

THERE is a Labour Government in Britain but not in Malaya. An exact description of Malaya's Government would be impossible in a short space, but perhaps "authoritarian with a creaky tendency towards liberalism" would be as good as any. Of course, all non-elected Governments must be authoritarian even when they operate with the willing consent of the ruled. It is the degree of liberalism that matters and, in a country as advanced as Malaya, the urgency with which the administrators dig their own grave. No one but a madman would give independence to Malaya to-day, but anyone who wanted to retain the British connection, and was capable of thought, would set about seeing that she got it before twenty-five years were up.

She cannot have her freedom to-day for two basic reasons. First, because the Malays and Chinese have not yet worked out a way of living together which will last after the British have ceased to hold the ring. Secondly, because the Malays and the Chinese have not got enough men trained in administration to run a tolerably efficient Government. Speed is essential in rectifying these defects because no Western Power will be able to retain domination over an Asiatic country for many more years in the face of the present temper of South-East Asia. Nor, if the right course is followed, should it be necessary for us to rule Malaya for more than another generation, if as long.

But more is needed than merely to fulfil those two tasks. Presumably we hope that Malaya will choose the democratic road, and stay in the Commonwealth. In that case, tangible action must be taken to show the people of Malaya that democratic Socialism is for export and not merely for home consumption. Little has yet been done to improve the living conditions of the poorest workers, practically nothing has been done to satisfy the terrific demand for education in English. Quite simple administrative action has been neglected.

Our worst failure since the war has been the tiny numbers of Malays and Chinese admitted to the higher grades of the Civil Service. The Colonial Office orders a drive to encourage local recruits. The officials respond by a few promotions of those known to be "sound"—that is, their main quality is docile facility in agreement with their British superiors. Eighteen months ago it was decided that promotions from among Malays and Chinese should be made to the grade of Education Officer. So far, there have been none. A Chinese girl, with a London University Honours degree, was recommended for promotion by her superior in Radio Malaya. The ultimate authorities rejected her because she had only one subject in her degree! You can interpret instructions from England, or any printed regulations, in two ways—the helpful or the deliberately discouraging. Most rules in Malaya are interpreted the second way. The result, as far as the Government service is concerned, is a dangerous feeling of frustration among middle-class Chinese and Malays.

It does not stop there; the congealing, deadening attitude of officialdom spreads itself everywhere. Trade unions, the officials have been told, must be encouraged—no democracy is complete without them. The officials shudder and comprehend intellectually, but emotionally they will never understand. They do not like trade unions, they do not know how they work. To them, the one official who is really helping Britain in Malaya, Jack Brazier, the Trade Union Adviser, is a menace to good order and a threat to White prestige. He spends all his time with Malays, Chinese and Indians. If you go to his house, any time of the day or evening, you will probably find an engine-driver or a telephone-operator having a chat with him. Most hideous of all, he imagines it his duty to help the growth of unions. Whereas, as any good official knows, the right policy is to find reasons why a trade union should not be registered, why a proposed Federation of Trade Unions does not comply with an official's rendering of the law. It is also correct to ignore for as long as possible wage-claims, or grievances, directed to your department by a union. It is nothing for a union to be kept waiting a year for an answer. The planters and the business men I met were far in advance of this bureaucratic attitude.

It would be stupid to expect more from the present run of officials. For them, all is administration, nothing is political. They believe that their task is condescendingly to instruct and not warmly to co-operate. Their speciality in mixing with the Malays or Chinese is to hold stiff informal tea parties at which, however hot and humid it may be, no one must take off their coats. Everyone longs to, but British prestige would be broken . . . More intimate contact with Chinese or Malays is to be avoided. MacDonald's behaviour shock most of the British. He never tires of visiting people in their homes, he is always ready to listen, to advise, and be friendly; and he hardly ever wears his coat or his tie. In fact, he is that dangerous lunatic in government—a human being who likes other human beings.

Unfortunately, MacDonald, who is responsible for the co-ordination of the activities of the High Commissioner for Malaya and of the Governor of Singapore, has not executive authority over them. Major policy issues can be thrashed out, and he may get his way. Day to day routine which impinges on the life of the people goes on as I have described. If MacDonald is not to have executive authority—and it may be that his chairmanship of the Far East Defence Committee and his sort of roving Ambassadorship for the Foreign Office make so detailed a job impossible—then it is vital that the key posts in the Governments of Singapore and Malaya should be held by people with no official experience whatever. They should be men who understand politics, in their broadest sense, rather than regulations. That, too, would help them to deal with the Colonial Office, which frightens most of the officials out of their wits at present. So much must be referred back to Whitehall for decision, so many irrelevant orders emanate from there, that the Colonial Office has become a burden as heavy to bear as the Chinese bandits. Malaya is not a colony, it is not even a country where the inhabitants live in tribes. To treat it as though it were—and few officials at the Colonial Office are capable of doing anything else—is a tiresome insult which becomes the more dangerous to future Anglo-Malayan relations the longer it continues.

To assist the politically minded senior officials, if and when they are appointed, direct entry of Chinese and Malays into the Malayan Civil Service should be stimulated, not hindered. The entrants should not have to go through training in England (except specialists) but should sit for an examination in Malaya and be interviewed and selected by a Civil Service Commission on the British pattern. There is no reason why such a Commission should not be formed at once from among representatives of the University, the Legislative Councils and the Malayan Civil Service.

The other main objective—harmony between the Malays and Chinese—is at once more complex and simpler. What is surprising is not that there is some tension between the two communities but that there is not a great deal more. The Chinese work hard, they control most of the internal commerce, they are strangers in the land, they multiply more quickly. All the ingredients are here for violent racial conflict, but it is not happening. The nearest that Malaya has come to it is the enthusiasm with which Malays join the Special Police and the protests of the Chinese against the weighting of representation on the mainland in favour of the Malays, and against the qualifications required for Federal citizenship.

Not unnaturally the Malays fear they will be swamped by the cleverer and more industrious Chinese—and the Malays have no other place to go to. Equally understandably, the Chinese claim that, without them, Malaya would never have been developed, and that they are therefore entitled to political power proportionate to their numbers. The Chinese, already more than half the total population of Singapore Island and the Peninsula, are like the Jews in Palestine, but without the historical justification or the same overwhelming urge to fix their roots in the country. Many Chinese are permanent citizens of Malaya and owe no other allegiance. Many, like the British, regard Malaya as a temporary residence in which to make a career and a livelihood. It is of the second group that the Malays are most afraid. The British may have no intention of trying to colonise Malaya for ever: China is very close.

There is right on both sides and it is only by stressing the possibilities of conciliation and not the differences that ultimate tranquility will come. It is here that the Communities Liaison Committee is important. Composed partly of leading Chinese and partly of leading Malays, its aim is to find ways of promoting harmony. The Chinese are taking upon themselves the task of cajoling and helping the Malays into commerce. In return, the Malays will doubtless concede some of their political power. To guide and encourage the process MacDonald sits in with the Committee, at their invitation—a tribute to the sureness of his approach to both communities.

Perhaps in fifteen years enough progress will have been made for Malaya to be self-governing. We have that time to prove our friendship. A substantial gift from this country to be used for improving the conditions of Malay rural workers would work wonders. So also would a determined effort to give security of tenure to the industrious Chinese squatters. A few concrete acts like these, combined with greater educational facilities, a severe shaking up of the Malayan Civil Service, and the immediate institution of local direct entry into the higher grades of Government Service, would go a long way to making permanent friends and allies of both communities.

WOODROW WYATT

HILL FARMING AND NATIONAL PARKS

THE situation of hill farmers is still a cause for grave concern. In 1944 the White Paper on Hill Sheep Farming paid generous tribute to their intelligence and self-reliance. To help them, subsidies have been provided for rearing and maintaining flocks of sheep and herds of hardy cattle, and an Act has been passed providing assistance, up to 50 per cent. of the cost, for the reconditioning and improvement of hill farms. In spite of these helps, hill farming is still on the decline and there is a steady drift away of the younger workers. Apart from the Ministry of Agriculture's help, it still seems to be generally accepted that hill districts are backward areas and not worth the expense involved in giving them modern services.

Little progress can be made in building work, either for new houses or improvements, owing to the extreme shortage of local building labour. The mason's craft, essential to random stone building, is dying out; in some districts there are not more than one or two masons serving an area of one hundred square miles. The same condition applies to joinery and other trades. Thus the rate of building progress could not be accelerated even if the grant covered the total costs. Moreover, an increasing proportion of existing cottages in these districts have been bought by "offcomers," either for holiday or permanent use. It is very natural that these people should want to enjoy life in the districts for which they have great affection; but in most cases they do not contribute anything to the welfare of the local community, and they debar young local married couples from obtaining houses. As an example of this, a cottage, sold some years ago for £230, had a bathroom added and was re-sold for £400; and recently, without further alteration, it was again sold for over £2,000.

When the electricity was nationalised, it was naturally hoped that supplies would be made available for these remote districts at an early date, but it would appear that the British Electricity Authority has divided itself into areas and sub-areas and is proposing that each sub-area shall "pay its way." If this is the case, it perpetuates some of the worst features of the policy of the private companies, as it is quite impossible to install the necessary underground and overhead distribution mains, transformer sub-stations and low tension wiring to these scattered dwellings and farm houses with any hope of a reasonable return on the capital outlay for many years. Yet, in every town, the suburban housewife can have electrical appliances as a necessary part of her household equipment.

In many of these hill districts there still exist *ratione tenure* roads which are through roads linking two or three farms with roads maintained by the County Council. These roads are being increasingly used by motor traffic, especially during the tourist seasons, and they were not made to stand up to such wear and tear. It is quite impossible for the farmers who are responsible for their maintenance to find either the labour or the money to keep these roads in reasonable repair, and the result is that the farmers' traffic over these roads is seriously handicapped. Most of these roads are gated, and many of the tourists using them are too thoughtless to close gates properly. It is impossible for the farmer to incur the cost of cattle grids and equally impossible for him to maintain his stock properly if gates are left open.

The cumulative effect of these and other hardships is discouraging, and there is no wonder that the rising generation in these districts is refusing to continue to work under such conditions. The White Paper affirmed its belief that hill farming can be enabled both to serve the nation more efficiently and to provide a worth-while setting for those whose life it embraces. This, I suggest, involves creating a co-ordinated Planning Authority for each of the hill farming districts, with powers to deal with the provision of services in the same way as the Ministry of Agriculture has powers to deal with the improvement of the land. This Planning Authority would have to maintain a mobile building labour force which could undertake the necessary housing and building work. A small staff of architects would also be required to consult with the farmers and prepare the necessary drawings and specifications. As these mobile labour forces would have to be housed at some distance from their work, it might be found advisable that the additional costs of daily transport should be subject to an additional grant.

The Planning Authority would require to have powers to insist that electricity be provided without delay for all farms and dwellings in its area. It would have to take over the *ratione tenure* and similar roads and make arrangements for their maintenance by the Highway Authority; and it would, at the same time, have to consider closing some of these roads entirely to public traffic owing to the interference with farming activities. On a number of roads kept open for general traffic, cattle grids would be needed.

It is impossible for works of this description to be carried out by County Councils; they have no power to spend public money in this way. Moreover, the boundaries of the local authority areas clash with those of the hill farming areas, and there may be three or more County Councils, with differing policies and different standards, interested in one hill farming area. On one County Council dealing with a district of this description there are twenty-nine representatives of industry and building, twenty representatives of commerce and transport, eleven married women, four teachers, four politicians, four food and catering traders, five lawyers, four "gentlemen," and six agricultural representatives. There can only be a very small minority whose principal interest lies in the hill farming area. However sincere their feelings for the welfare of these remote country districts, the primary interest of the majority obviously lies elsewhere.

The Planning Authority required could well be of the form recommended in the Dower Report and confirmed by the Hobhouse Report. Sir Arthur Hobhouse, although chairman of the County Councils Association, realised that these hill districts, which are also districts of great beauty and will form the basis of our National Parks, are not suitable to be administered piecemeal by the local authorities. The National Parks Commission could be given powers which would enable them to carry out the duties of a Planning Authority; and, if these powers were given, the National Parks Commission would be a valuable and powerful arm of the Ministry of Town and Country Planning. This appears to be the only way of ensuring that hill farming shall be saved from extinction and re-established in a prosperous and healthy state.

W. J. HEYWOOD

HORSE SENSE

Sir Alfred Munnings, P.R.A.,
Roundly contemns Matisse,
Who does not paint like (shall we say?)
Sir Alfred Munnings, P.R.A.
In strong approval horses neigh:
Loud cackle human geese.
Sir Alfred Munnings, P.R.A.,
Roundly contemns Matisse.

ALLAN M. LAING

SO THEY SAY . . .

IN their coverage of Princess Margaret's holiday some of the national newspapers have excelled themselves in the delicate task of condemning the microscopic and telescopic reporting of her every movement, while purveying sufficient colourful details for their own readers.

Sunday Pictorial, May 1:—

PRINCESS MARGARET'S MAD "HOLIDAY."
SPECIAL PICTURES: PAGES 10 AND 11.

Princess Margaret's "quiet, semi-educational" holiday is in danger of becoming a fiasco. . . . [She is] pursued on land and sea by a pack of Continental photographers. . . . All the efforts of British Press photographers and reporters to give her a few hours' privacy have practically failed: . . .

For all their disapproval of those inquisitive "Continental" newspapermen, however, some of the British reporters present appear to have acquired a remarkably detailed (if sometimes conflicting) knowledge of Princess Margaret's personal activities:—

Sleeping . . .

Sunday Pictorial, May 1:—

Pictorial reporter was asked to advise on the royal bedroom.

It had two beds in it, and, on my suggestion, one was removed.

. . . Swimming

Daily Express, April 30: Princess Margaret swims in two-piece.

Daily Mirror, April 30: . . . wearing a slim-fitting, low-backed bathing suit. . . .

Daily Mail, April 30: Whether she swam or not is unknown. . . .

Daily Express, May 2: The Princess goes bathing with a man in shirt-tails.

. . . Shopping

News of the World, May 1: She is making only the smallest purchases, consisting so far of straw hat and rope-soled sandals.

Sunday Dispatch, May 1: So far . . . she hasn't bought a mad straw hat or a pair of coloured string-soled sandals.

. . . Drinking

Daily Mail, April 28: The barman, Angelo, had made a special cocktail, named Margaret, consisting of two parts English gin and one part Grand Marnier, with a dash of lemon, priced at 400 lire . . . but all she took was a lemonade.

Sunday Pictorial, May 1: She ordered a lemonade, drank it quickly and called for a second.

. . . Looking

Daily Mirror, April 29: "Her eyes," said the newspaper *Il Messaggero*, "are the most beautiful things she has brought to Naples . . . grey and tender, clear as the air of Capri."

Daily Mail, May 3: . . . her eyes are a very beautiful blue. . . .

. . . Learning

Daily Mirror, April 28: "*Bella, bella, bella!*" cried the crowd. For a moment the Princess looked surprised. . . .

Evening News, April 29: The Princess now knows enough Italian to catch the word *Bella* constantly repeated.

. . . Living

Daily Mirror, April 29: From the moment she landed Princess Margaret seemed to catch the gay spirit of the bewitching island. She was no longer "the shy Princess" . . . she was the holiday Princess.

Sunday Dispatch, May 1: THE ITALIANS ARE CALLING PRINCESS MARGARET "POOR LITTLE ONE."

AUTOLYCUS

LETTERS FROM TWO ISLANDS

Isle of Wight

. . . J. and young T. and I have just returned by road from a short visit to Stratford. I never saw the countryside looking better. No austerity there. Hampshire was bright with Japanese flowering cherry trees. Salisbury Plain had returned to the balanced green and brown masses and the melting blue distances of the old water-colours. Between the flushed apple blossom and the tall cool blossom of the pear, the Cotswold stone, which will seem almost luminous some morning next November, soaked in and stored away the sunlight. I think we saw Shallow's orchard, with Cousin Silence invisible beneath the fleecy branches. By Heaven—what a country! I am at odds with my teeth and my liver, am almost lost in the vanities and vexations of late middle-age, but I stared at this green and gold procession of the hills like a boy suddenly let out of school. It was the journey, not the end of it, that was Shakespearean. We might have been looking over his shoulder.

It is at least ten years since I was last in Stratford. A good detective story might be written about a scholar, deep in Elizabethan research, who is mysteriously murdered. After the police retire from the case, baffled, the eccentric private detective proves that the murderer was an emissary of the Stratford Town Council, whose spies had learned that the scholar was about to prove once and for all that Shakespeare had not written the plays attributed to him. The town is more determinedly Tudor than ever—Ye Olde Midlande and Barclay His Bank, W. H. Smith and Sonnes, Marks and Spen*ser*—more or less. If Shakespeare himself were around, he would roar with laughter but also arrange for his agent to collect a percentage for him here and there. At the Shakespeare Hotel, where, almost to my annoyance (for I am a born hotel denouncer), they looked after us quite well, we occupied a room labelled, with impudent irony, Venus and Adonis. (Further along the corridor, when we arrived, King Lear could be heard taking a bath, and Titus Andronicus appeared to be brushing his teeth with a wire brush and granite dust.) There is snobbery even in these matters, for I noticed that Hamlet was no mere bedroom but a Private Suite. T., one wide schoolboy grin, was up aloft somewhere, in Ariel. The bar was filled with cultured persons sipping small sherries and journalists with expense sheets downing double gins.

A word about cultured persons. I don't know how it is with you, but here with us I notice that all cultural events, produced in association with the Arts Council, two types predominate: enthusiastic willowy youths, hissing like maddened serpents and swaying like the roots of water-lilies in troubled ponds; and noisy hard-faced old women, bangled and spangled, who bring to these festivals of opera, ballet, drama, the same vulpine looks one used to see round the tables at Monte Carlo. "Splendid!" they cry in their hoarse baritone; while high above, floating in the air, you can hear the "Marvellous!" of the epicene chorus. Not being the cup of tea of either of these groups, I feel miles out of it at such cultural events, like an Airedale who has blundered into a Cat Show.

We saw two plays. (The Festival Company is much better than it was before the war, and if you are coming over this year, you should see it.) The first was *Much Ado About Nothing*, which I last saw produced by the Vakhtangov Theatre in Moscow. The trouble about this play is that one remembers the good scenes and forgets the bad scenes and so always expects it to be better than it is. Shakespeare made a sad hash of this comedy. Instead of giving the Benedick-Beatrice situation a few twists, which would not have been difficult, he plunged into his monstrous sub-plot, with villains, friars, tombs, swords and tears, only redeemed by Dogberry (very well played at Stratford), Verges and the Watch. But to my mind the broad natural humour of these clowns is worth more than all the Elizabethan wit of the comedy proper. There is also more original *genius* in it. For my part I never admire Shakespeare more, except when he is at the very ecstatic height of his poetic self, than when he is realistically clowning, that is, not following the convention but giving us the result of his own wonderful observation. Dogberry's indignant account of himself as a man who has seen better days could be matched, phrase by phrase, cadence by cadence, in many a village taproom today. And to give such stuff a truth and a vitality that carry it triumphantly down the centuries needs *genius*; and if any man doubts this, let him have a shot at it. This Stratford production of *Much Ado* had in it—to use Coleridge's favourite distinction—more Fancy than Imagination. Too many of these productions now seem to have been created by interior decorators with a high temperature.

The other play was *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which really cannot be seen as a play by most of us because it has been woven into our experience. (Thus, it was one of the first plays I ever saw, and I do not know how many times I must have seen it since.) The production, which left the audience enraptured, confirmed my notion that the visual sense is now ousting the feeling for literature. For this production, which had Mendelssohn's music and was indeed Mendelssohn's rather than Shakespeare's *Dream*, was adroitly and charmingly planned to capture the spectator's eye, whatever might happen to the poetry. Nobody seemed to care, in fact everybody was delighted, except one glum scribbler in Row D. But he felt like standing up and shouting: "Look here, this is all very well. But what about this chap you've all been praising and cheering—Shakespeare the poet? Where does he come in? If you don't want his words—but only a spectacle based on some knockabout plotting of his—then let's have the Sadler's Wells Ballet in and be done with it!" This would have been an exaggeration of course. But when one enchanting line after another, words that bring tears to the eyes or raise the hair on your scalp, are cut, bungled, botched, flung into corners, while everybody is gaping at scenic effects, lights, costumes, fancy business, I feel that Shakespeare the poet no longer means anything, and that any contriver of a pantomime would do as well. And this treatment is not peculiar to Stratford, though it is most unhappily situated there. I remember a much-praised Old Vic production, in which I failed to hear my three favourite speeches in the play. For the man who could create characters ranging from Silence to Lear, for the poet who wrote the words, I will abase myself as low as the greatest idolater of them all; but for this clumsy plotter, this careless contriver of pantomimes, whom they choose to present to us, I have no particular admiration, and consider him no better than an Old Man of the Sea on our backs.

These plays are first of all so many dramatic poems. Therefore, the poetry must come first. Once you begin to overload them with effects, the poetry suffers. Lift the curtain on a Renaissance pageant, pile Titian on Veronese, and the imagery in the lines loses its colour and sparkle. Add strings and wood-wind, and the music of the words begins to fade away. Elaborate the business, invent new buffoonery, and what Shakespeare himself created is soon crowded out. What we should remember first of all of any Shakespeare production is how certain lines were spoken, and not the tricks of producers and star performers, having a fling at Shakespeare's expense. That is why I have often best enjoyed the poet not in any theatre but in some stifling school gymnasium, where boys and girls, grotesquely bearded, piped the immortal lines like linnets. "The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them." (They cut this at Stratford, even while celebrating the poet's birthday.) But imagination cannot amend them if it is given no exercise. And what joins the true Shakespeare to the imagination is the sensitive ear, drinking in:

> And we fairies, that do run
> By the triple Hecate's team
> From the presence of the Sun,
> Following darkness like a dream . . .

I do not mean by this that these plays should be done only in barns by candlelight. We should make the fullest use of our elaborate lighting systems, at which Shakespeare would have clapped his hands. There must be costumes. But not all this scenery, pageantry, unnecessary business and antics, which come to bury Shakespeare, not to praise him. Not the visual appeal first—but words, words, words.

One further point about Shakespearean comedy—and then I promise to have done with it for this year. (But you try your hand at it, don't you? So perhaps I need not apologise.) Most producers here never seem to see these comedies in the right atmosphere. They make them all too adult, plotty, heavy. I see them always in an atmosphere of youngsters with time on their hands through long sunny afternoons, larking and sparring around, running in and out of love, talking nonsense, like second-year-men at Oxford and Cambridge and not like solicitors and members of Parliament in their mid-thirties. Golden lads and girls on golden afternoons. Before the chaps have to earn a living and the girls have to worry about measles and whooping cough. And this is the time when, like the Elizabethans, we are all intoxicated with words, when jokes are piled up like pagodas, when the metaphors of love cut deeper than love itself, when you and the other three are the four wittiest fellows in the country. It is then you "fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world." And I'll bet some producer of *As You Like It*, in order to improve the wrestling match by bringing in a real wrestler, not to be entrusted with lines, is at this very moment cutting *that* speech. Just as a great many other people are busy trying to cut the whole mood out of this world's life. Fleet the time carelessly indeed!

J. B. PRIESTLEY

MICE AND MEN

The population of the race of mice
Exceeds that of the race of men.
Almost invisible, and parallel
To ours, that greater life goes on.

Yes, a vast world of spirits, mice exist
In our own world of rooms and hate;
And like grey little meanings sometimes run
Quite shockingly across our fate.

As spirits, too, seem cloth when caught, mice nipped
In traps shed blood and wryly stiffen;
Alive or dead, obscene poor mice give hints
Of rodent or else human heaven.

ROY FULLER

HENGIST AND HORSA

THE Royal Martyr, it seems, will not monopolise 1949's anniversary celebrations. The Ramsgate Borough Council is to draw the attention of its seasonal guests to the 1,500th anniversary of the landing of Hengist and Horsa. The date, indeed, is conjectural; the locale, Ramsgate, is well attested. No specific ceremony is planned, if only because nobody has even guessed at the day or month of the Event. Ramsgate thinks rather, her spokesman told me, of letting the "theme" of Hengist and Horsa inform and enliven all the season's activities—"the Sports and Gala Week, and so on." he added.

The aptness of this imaginative municipal decision may not, at first, strike those to whom Hengist and Horsa are merely names—if so much. The Jutish brothers stand badly in need of the kind of interpretation so lavishly bestowed by *littérateurs* and broadcasters on King Charles I. Factual information about them is meagre; but their personality, surely, springs to life from oil-paintings, from pageant characters, and, above all, from illustrations to school history books.

Recall for a moment the picture. They are always just landing from their ships, which fill the middle background. Each, as a rule, has one foot in mid-air, uncertain where to place it on the land; decidedly, in Mr. Churchill's phrase, they are sea animals. Their dress, one feels, is what was at the time considered practical and conventional, like tweeds for fishing; they wear high winged helmets, short cloaks, Germanic kilts and rather uncomfortable-looking puttees. They have swords and round shields, which they brandish apologetically, like people who have just arrived and do not want to put their suitcases down in the wrong place.

Hengist and Horsa are not very tall, but they are something less complimentary than "strong" and more so than "fat": the word surely is "beefy." They have full, red cheeks, rather innocent blue eyes, and large yellow moustaches of the kind one associates with family photograph albums. Their expression is not one of great intelligence; rather, it shows an honest effort to mobilise that store of intelligence with which they were endowed. Fierce and predatory, despite all the stories that have been spread, they do *not* look. Dignified, yes, and serious; they have come for a purpose, they mean to fulfil it, and they will not be trifled with. Yet at the same time they are rather at a loss, and anxious not to show it; they are not quite sure what they have let themselves in for, but they are going to see it through in a fitting manner. However, why all this laboured description, when a comparison is so apt? Hengist and Horsa look as Mr. Basil Radford, confronted with awkward foreigners, looked in the immortal early Hitchcock films.

If the brothers have become a part of our national mythology, this is partly due to their slightly comical names, with their rhythm and their alliteration. But there is more to it than that. The invasion by the Angles, Saxons and Jutes was a far more fundamental change than the Roman or Norman Conquests. These gave us new rulers, new civilisations; the Saxon Conquest gave our island a new population. It turned Britain into England; it began English history. Hengist and Horsa, since they were the vanguard of this invasion, and since they settled and died here, might be called the first Englishmen. Fittingly, therefore, they are the first English characters; the first of that long line of individuals, few wholly admirable and all with the oddest quirks and idiosyncracies, so beloved of the English: the absent-minded Alfred, the uxorious Henry VIII, the seasick Nelson, and other mighty legends. Before Hengist and Horsa, there were no characters; there were some wholly admirable and heroic figures, like Boadicea and Caractacus and King Arthur, but that is another matter.

It is because they became English that the Jutish invaders are depicted in this sympathetic, Basil Radford-like way. Very different are the pictures of Julius Cæsar and William the Conqueror; they are dark, imperious, cruel, hostile, un-English. The Danes, who became assimilated, are treated like the Anglo-Saxons rather than like the Romans and the Normans. In the school books, the text stresses their rapacity, their implacable destructiveness; the pictures contradict it. The courtiers surrounding Canute (himself, as misunderstood by legend, an English oddity) on the beach look honestly puzzled: "By Jove," they are saying, "that's a rum go." I remember a vast oil in the Fulham Town Hall, which shows the Danes landing at Fulham in 898. (The millenary celebration must have been superb.) They have that same purposeful but embarrassed expression; one feels that they will ask the way to Pimlico and discover that they have got out at the wrong station.

What is known of the actual lives of Hengist and Horsa is hard to reconcile with their popular characters. Having expelled the Scots from King Vortigern's Kent, they continued to occupy the Isle of Thanet. According to one story, Vortigern derisively offered them as much land as could be covered by an ox-hide. They cut the hide into strips and surrounded Thanet with it. More authenticated is the tale of Vortigern's love for and marriage to Hengist's daughter, Rowena. One might have expected the adventurous soldier to win the monarch's daughter, not the other way round; but I, for one, am glad it was like this. I have no clear picture of Vortigern, but I quite see Hengist in the rôle of father-in-law.

In or about 455, the brothers attacked Vortigern, defeated him at the battle of Aylesford, and within two years ruled his kingdom. Horsa, apparently, was killed at Aylesford; Hengist went on to victories all over the South of England, and established a considerable kingdom which the Jutes later lost, except for Kent, to the Angles and Saxons. But the business with the ox-hide, and the use of Rowena to win Vortigern's confidence, can only be called caddish. To us they will seem un-English, though foreigners may regard them as inaugurating the black record of *perfide Albion*. I should say rather that they begin a truly English tradition, namely, that it does not matter what you do so long as you are English. To the Christian, the patriarchal figure of Jacob is quite undiminished by that affair with the mess of pottage. And we English will always see Hengist and Horsa, whatever the text of the book says, in the stodgy colours of the traditional illustration.

Their possible greatness is equally dimmed. Horsa may have been a wily diplomat; Hengist very likely was a brilliant general. But in the illustration, for one thing, they are not distinguishable; nobody has ever been able to tell which is Hengist and which is Horsa. They are shackled for ever by hyphens, like William-and-Mary. And they preserve, in their looks, the unshakable, contented mediocrity of a Stanley Baldwin.

That is how we see them, then—serious, conscientious, conventional, a trifle bewildered; opening, with unoriginal but most suitable remarks, the Ramsgate Municipal Sports and Gala Week.

MERVYN JONES

The Arts and Entertainment

THE PALERMO FESTIVAL—I

As the scene of a Contemporary Music Festival, Palermo is both attractive and dangerous: dangerous just because of its splendid and multifarious attractions. There is so much to enchant the eye and delight the historical sense of the solemn northern music-lover that he runs the risk of succumbing, like Tannhäuser in the Venusberg, to antique sensuous charms: the successive charms of every Mediterranean civilisation since the Greeks. How is he to bring all this visual splendour and variety (Greek, Roman, Arab, Norman; Italian gardens, Byzantine mosaics, baroque stucco) into focus with the thoughtful, austere, often grim musical offerings of the North? Can one really enjoy Serpotta in the afternoon, and Schönberg in the evening?

The Italian organisers of the festival have devised one or two ingenious bridges to link present with past, North with South. On Sunday morning a solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated in the great cathedral of Monreale, high above Palermo; Palestrina was sung (admirably, but surprisingly, by a Viennese choir: perhaps as an international gesture). Afterwards we lunched at tables which ran the entire length of one side of the twelfth-century cloisters; and never do I expect to eat in a nobler setting. At the Teatro Massimo someone had a still more happy notion: to revive, in honour of the Festival, Szymanowski's Sicilian opera, *King Roger*.

Karol Szymanowski (1882-1937) was a greatly gifted Polish composer who just failed to digest the harmonic and orchestral innovations of Debussy, Strauss and Scriabin into a fully personal language. Those who have heard his First Violin Concerto (recently played and recorded in London by Eugenia Uminska) will easily understand why a Sicilian subject should have attracted him: his style was naturally luxuriant, ecstatic, as full of opulent detail as a mosaic pavement. In 1914, in the course of a prolonged tour, Szymanowski visited Sicily; and the impressions which he gathered during that visit ripened during the following decade into *King Roger*. Evidently, what fascinated him—as it must fascinate all visitors to Sicily—was the clash and merging of cultures; and this is the theme which he and his librettist have attempted to treat in their opera.

The principal characters are little more than symbols of what the British Council would call "a way of life." On the one hand, Roger II, twelfth-century Norman king of Sicily, an enlightened and temperate ruler; at his side, his wife Roxane, the learned Arabian geographer Edrisi; behind him, the stiff, ancient, Byzantine pomp of the church. Set vividly against feudal rigidity and religious formalism, is a figure who seems to be an imaginary creation: a young shepherd, divinely beautiful, who preaches a mystical paganism which attracts many converts, among them the Queen, and troubles the senses of King Roger himself. From this contrast a remarkable opera might have sprung, if only librettist and composer had been endowed with a stronger sense of the theatre. As it is, all three acts of *King Roger* remain obstinately static. The principal musical opportunities fall to Roxane (soprano) and the Shepherd (tenor); much of their music is lyrically beautiful, though the pagan soul of the Shepherd might have been more potently expressed by means of a more direct and simple type of cantilena. But simplicity is Szymanowski's weakest suit; though his voice-parts are often highly singable, his heart is in the richly glowing orchestral fabric, and even this he can never quite clinch with an unmistakable thematic climax. The score had been most carefully studied under Mieczyslaw Mierzejewski; orchestra, chorus and soloists produced a flow of rich and beautiful tone. Clara Petrella sang the

lovely "Chant de Roxane" (which has become famous in a violin transcription) very finely; and Antonio Annaloro, though his voice lacked seductive charm, made a highly convincing Shepherd. It would be difficult to find a better exponent of the title-role than Giovanni Inghilleri, who seized his great opportunity at the end with thrilling effect. Though no stage designer could ask for a more wonderful opportunity than this, the scenery at the Teatro Massimo was only adequate. One cannot expect Szymanowski's opera to find a place in any regular repertory; but it contains beauties which ought not to remain for ever unheard, so that the solution would seem to lie in the broadcasting studio. Its very lack of action recommends *King Roger* for radio performance.

The Teatro Massimo, besides housing two orchestral concerts, presented another theatrical evening: a curiously mixed bill, which began with Casella's *Favola d'Orfeo*, a 20-year-old ballet-opera which has not worn too well. From France came a *divertissement* by Jean Françaix called *Le Diable Boiteux*; slight, lively, intensely stylish. England was represented by *The Pit*, a setting by Elizabeth Lutyens of a poem by W. R. Rodgers which dramatises a mining accident. This is virtually a cantata, almost wholly without action, but paradoxically more effective on the stage than in the concert hall or the studio: the mourning voices of the women at the pit-head gained much from the visual pattern of a frieze of shawled figures high above the entombed miners. But the work lacks climax, and is too monotonously lugubrious to sustain the emotions which the subject arouses. It was followed by an Eskimo ballet ("from coal to pole," murmured my neighbour): a vigorous, rhythmically exciting score by the Danish composer, Knudåge Riisager, owing much, no doubt, to Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* and Ravel's *Bolero*, but unquestionably a theatrical success.

Of the new instrumental music I shall write next week. So far we have heard little except *Pierot Lunaire*, which is hardly a novelty, but was revived in honour of Schönberg's 75th birthday in the famous interpretation of Marya Freund. This proved a source of esctasy to the initiated few, and of blank amazement to some Italians who turned up for a concert, only to discover a high priestess in horn-rimmed specs and a shawl, muttering outlandish incantations for a good half-hour.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

MR. WYNDHAM LEWIS

THE arrival of a large retrospective exhibition of the paintings and drawings of Mr. Wyndham Lewis at the Redfern Gallery is an important event. This much one could say without paying a visit; for Wyndham Lewis has occupied a unique position in English art—and letters—for over thirty years. One knows that he is a man of some sort of genius: but his achievement is the creation not of paintings or books, but of that Lewis Universe with its Lewis People, Lewis Architecture and even Lewis Air and Water! This Universe of ghosts with turnip heads and scrolls of tin for bodies is by no means unreal: it overlaps our own worlds. You may observe Lewis's dolls tottering at the far end of any passage in the Tube. But the important thing is that it has all been conceived and bodied forth in *two* mediums simultaneously. Nevertheless I suspect that the perfect Lewis work of art does not exist in either of them, considered separately.

At this point it may seem that I am about to pronounce Wyndham Lewis a "literary painter." But this would be very far from the mark. Literary painting in Fry's sense of the term implies a lack of the *pictorial* qualities of design and plastic form. It is applied primarily to naturalistic works which affect the spectator by virtue of the emotive or associative qualities belonging to the objects depicted rather than by the qualities inherent in the rendering. Lewis is not guilty of this sort of thing—unless it is in some of his more "saleable" portraits: but even in these he is preoccupied with his own harsh notions of form and structure to an extent that his less intelligent sitters (or more likely their relatives), might deplore. But for those whose conception of portraiture is not restricted to a sort of manipulated photography, Wyndham Lewis is a portraitist who is sometimes brilliant. His success or failure in this sphere depends entirely, one imagines, on the sitter's personality: if he or she is in some subtle way eligible for admission into the Lewis Universe, then all goes well. Mr. Lewis will be able to find the formal synthesis which will reincarnate them on the Lewis Planet. One might hazard the view that the "types" most susceptible of such transubstantiation are those in whom one or two qualities are decidedly pronounced; those whose personal impact upon others is in some way a simplified, clear-cut one. So long as they are very definitely what they are, they can be of any kind, shape or size. It seems that Ezra Pound, Noel Coward or Rebecca West have at various times made better Lewisites than T. S. Eliot or Stephen Spender: for, however great the disparity between the last two, they have on their different levels a complexity which precludes characterisation in Lewis's terms. Mr. Eliot of course presents Lewis with his favourite problem; here again after nearly thirteen years Lewis returns to the attack in a second portrait.

But the great snag about portraits is that different subjects demand different styles in treatment. There are those whose whole personality is already expressed in visible plastic form in the flesh and bone of their cheeks, noses, brows, jaws, mouths. Such faces can be translated into the highly plastic, slightly rectilinear Cézannesque or even Cubist idiom. One has hardly to do more than copy them to achieve a plastic and a psychological success at the same moment. But there are other people the clue to whom lies not in the actual recordable *shape* of any of their features but in some manner of animation, in the way they wear their faces. For them the artist must perhaps use line (for the half visible curl of a lip?); or a fuzzy Bonnard-like brush (for the peculiar light in the eyes?). Picasso instinctively recognises this. In a year when all his old women had been sliced, pushed, pulled and stretched into a combination of triangles Picasso suddenly looked at his daughter. The result was a line drawing which Ingres, Lautrec or even Renoir would have admired. The remarkable thing about Wyndham Lewis's portraits is the range of personality he can express without departing from the smooth conical surfaces and the curling-tin effects of his own style.

We have noticed that Mr. Lewis himself dominates his creations. But now we must de-sensitise ourselves to his aura and look at those shapes, those lines, stripped of the Wyndham magic. We find that these paintings are incredibly uneven. Colour is the permanent weakness: an economical evocation of single three-dimensional forms by means of rhythmically convex (and concave) lines of drawing is the main permanent asset, and it is a brilliant one. I say "single forms" because there is an evident unwillingness of the forms in his pictures to lie down together inside the same frame. Take almost any of the heads. The drawing of the outline (the vanishing planes) and all the convex and concave planes building up the face and forehead are so put together that the whole thing has a sort of single movement or thrust and this seems to repel contiguous forms in, say, the background. In a Cézanne portrait the head, however strongly constructed as a single unit, will always *lead one into* the surrounding parts of the picture. For instance it may flatten "unnaturally" at the temple or cheek-bone in order to give the eye of the spectator a jumping-off ground for moving across to the flat wall behind. Or an extra bulge on the chin may help to swing our eye down on to the rhythmic curves of the bulging lapel of the sitter's coat. These distortions show Cézanne sacrificing some measure of the three-dimensional rotundity of his forms to a necessity of surface design. If a form is overwhelmingly "solid," it cannot play its part in design for it impedes the movement of the eye over the picture. And the power of a canvas to compel one's eye into rhythmic movement, crossing and recrossing the composition—this *is* "design."

That Wyndham Lewis is aware of a conflict between the rotund forms in his pictures and the overall design is probable, since he resorts to various unifying devices. The flat wedge-like slabs of white and brown (some sort of window and sun-blind arrangement?) which form a background for the tubular, doll-like, reclining figure in *The Convalescence*, 1933, are a good example of this adjustment of a solid form to the canvas itself. A bad example is the patch of browny yellow wall at the top left corner of *Portrait of John McLeod*, 1938. This patch comes just behind the very solidly realised head—which suggests Michael Angelo more than Cézanne or the Cubists—and it has been stroked with diagonal streaky touches of a darker brown. Michael Angelo, of course, would have left a *John McLeod* floating inexplicably in sublime space: a figure so powerfully sculptural would not have been required in Michael Angelo's day to come to terms with any frame. But the easel picture is a newcomer since then; it has brought its own laws. Mr. Lewis meets these new demands most completely, I feel, in the *Portrait of the Artist*, 1921, in which the soft scarlet background and the golden-brown jacket have a resonance that silences, in this case, any criticism of his colour. Next I put *Portrait of Naomi Mitchison*, 1938, and *Portrait in Red*, 1937. In the last, the lady concerned floats in red air: she dissolves in it: it gets in between her neck and bosom: we see *through* her body. Her delightful pale face floats in this red mist like the moon. The sharp fragments of design—in other works, somewhat arbitrarily scattered—come together in this painting and are softened in the redness, which holds them floating, too.

PATRICK HERON

TELEVISION NOTES

AMERICAN soothsayers predict that in two years from now Television will have wiped out sound-broadcasting as completely as the Talkies exterminated the Movies a generation ago. We must hope that the transformation takes longer over here, for although Television is bound to become (in Sir William Haley's phrase) "the ultimate form of radio," it has a lot to learn. What it has to learn, above all, is discrimination. At present, like any other adolescent art it is an incorrigible copy-cat. One of Television's delusions is that, on its miniature screen, it can mount elaborate plays and music-hall romps. But as the spectator watches these ingenious endeavours to deploy the more spacious examples of English drama into a rectangle 10in. by 8in., he becomes increasingly conscious that he is looking through a keyhole. Until the screen is ten times bigger Television must abate its ambition to put Shakespeare on its little map, and be content with plays of limited movement (and man-power) which are susceptible to close-up revelation. One such was the recent production, taut and intimate, of Patrick Hamilton's *The Governess*. For the same reason the Folies Bergères is less amenable to Television than a solo variety turn, and in this category nothing has more brilliantly come off than Norman Evans doing his familiar antic *Over the Garden Wall*. This lively sketch, by the way, had previously been "presented" to us in a B.B.C. sound-broadcast when even the presence of a studio audience could not "sell" its visual qualities to the fireside listener. Of Jack Hulbert, too, since he was released from sound-broadcasting to Television, one may say "Bless thee, Bottom, thou art translated!" Clowns must be seen to be believed.

The film which lasts ninety minutes in the cinema takes months to make. A Television play

lasts exactly the same time at the studio-end as it does on the screen. This fundamental difference imposes obvious limitations upon Television (and, of course, provides opportunities for originality which might be more fully explored at Alexandra Palace). Television has to work instantaneously instead of on the instalment system; unlike the film it cannot erase its errors or refine its effects. It cannot spend a million on its manufacture or range the globe to give variety to its scenes. Since its transmissions are instantaneous Television cannot cope with elaborate productions, and its efforts to do so may be fairly compared with such eccentric activities as writing the Lord's Prayer on a postage stamp. Its proper métier, in drama, is to transmit the intimate, one-set, four-or-five-character plays, and it should leave plays of major scope to the more abundant and resourceful art of the cinema.

But if Television is confused in its drama policy, it already gives ample evidence of the direction in which it will become supreme in radio. At Outside Broadcasts generally, and sporting events in particular, Television is triumphant. Last Saturday's Cup Final was the latest (since the Boat Race) of many brilliant feats of instantaneous communication. In dexterity and range-finding the cameramen were faultless, and Peter Lloyd's commentary never tried to steal the picture. We who saw Wembley on the screen seemed as close to the play as the referee and, thanks to the miracle of the telescopic lens, much closer than the mugs who paid to watch.

Only about 7 per cent. of Television's time and energy is devoted to "serious pleasures." But there has appeared a promising item called "Foreign Correspondent" which is taking us on a well-conducted tour of European capitals and situations. The spokesman is that shrewd, vivacious observer, Edward Ward, whose informal judgments are well matched by his itinerant cameraman, Charles de Jaeger.

W. E. WILLIAMS

THE MOVIES

"The Great Gatsby," at the Plaza

With its seventh number *Sequence* advances its price to 2*s.* 6*d.* and establishes itself as a "film quarterly." It is very well worth the money: the only magazine exclusively concerned with films I have ever found myself able and willing to read from cover to cover. This number is at least as interesting as the others. How well most of the contributors write, and how amazingly well-informed they are! A surprising number of the films reviewed here—even American films—have been "scooped" before being publicly shown in London: *They Live by Night*, for example, and *Key Largo*, from America; while accounts of the Russian-made *Young Guard* and the Swedish nature films of Arne Sucksdorff whet an appetite that perhaps may never be satisfied. It can't be at all easy for a magazine appearing only four times in the year to strike a well-balanced topicality of its own; yet that is precisely what the editors of *Sequence* have succeeded in doing.

There is a dearth this week of good or even reviewable films. I suppose it was too much to hope that Hollywood's version of *The Great Gatsby* should be anything other than a rather muddled and glossy thriller; but the mere fact that Scott Fitzgerald's little masterpiece had remained unfilmed for so long raised hopes. In effect, the film at the Plaza keeps pretty close to its original while missing both its historical precision and its vein of ironic poetry. The "jazz age" is noisily daubed in at the beginning with a crude March of Time technique, and then the equivocal and flimsily tragic figure of Gatsby turns out to be only (one knew it from the posters) Mr. Alan Ladd, with shoe-shine personality in no way deflected after adventures in China and Singapore. How much longer can we go on gazing at a Mr. Ladd who will do little more than look handsome and dress wonderfully, from time to time varying the impression with a faint vertical frown or a smug smile? These devices may serve for gunmen on the run and whispering Smiths; but as the great Gatsby, with a wild fairy-tale belief in riches, and the instincts of a Caliph who will woo with palaces built up from boot-legging, he proves hopelessly inadequate. The orgies of West Egg, as appealing (one might have thought) to the studio-crammed mind as was old Babylon to D. W. Griffith, seemed to me no less lamentably flat. The trouble was perhaps that too many films have already given us these fantastic visions of the money dream under the impression that they mirrored or encouraged life, for their reappearance here to make any effect. I may remark, in the film's favour, that although dully imagined and clumsily narrated, it does preserve enough from its source to touch at times a nostalgic and satirical interest. But there is no reason why, given the understanding and talent, as good a film as *Citizen Kane* should not have been made out of this subject. Meanwhile, anyone who finds his or her curiosity even mildly roused by a visit to the Plaza should read the original: an ironic legend that rolls into one *The Green Hat*, *Vile Bodies*, and such a work of recent history as *Only Yesterday*. Here is a literary talent as delicately devoted to its monstrous new world as was Villiers de l'Isle Adam's. *The Great Gatsby* is published here by the Grey Walls Press (8*s.* 6*d.*) as a volume in a complete edition of Scott Fitzgerald, in which his posthumous novel, *The Tycoon*, will deal with Hollywood itself.

Among the news snippets in *Sequence* I notice two that may encourage hopes and fears. One is that Stroheim, whose *Greed* still remains the screen's most remarkable adventure in realism, is directing and taking a leading part in Strindberg's *Dance of Death*: a French production, apparently. The other item I quote entire and without comment:

> Vincente Minnelli, temporarily abandoning musicals for a classic, directs *Madame Bovary*—with Jennifer Jones, Van Heflin and Louis Jourdan. James Mason also appears briefly as old Flaubert. (M.-G.-M.)

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"A Woman in Love," at the Embassy

The subtlest interpreters of women have been men, and here at the Embassy is a woman's play by a man, Georges de Porto-Riche, with something of the intricate clarity of *Clarissa* and something of the power to disturb of *Adolphe*. It is witty and uneven and tiring at times. But that which is tiring about it, which maddened one critic to a comparison with the Chinese torture of waterdrops, is also what makes it a good play—namely a tap-tap-tap on the one subject, till every nail has been hammered home. An English audience tends to become restive under such treatment, especially when the subject is the hidden tensions of marriage; and when there are no humorous evasions, no telephonings, pipe-stuffings, or coffee-pourings, no farcical reliefs or topical realism, nor any irruptions of melodrama, to kick the play out of itself into something different. One did suspect that Mr. Michael Redgrave, in making his English version, may have injected a British guffaw here and there—"This is wedlock!—and deadlock!"—into the logic of the French text. If so, he hasn't spoiled it; and both he and Miss Margaret Rawlings, as the pair whose marriage cracks after eight years' secreting of a flaw, give performances which are brilliant and of continuous interest.

This was a marriage in which each partner wanted something different. The woman adores her husband as lover, the man, considerably the older, thinks that he only wants order and freedom and work; and so their marriage goes on, after a gruesome airing. "It seems," says Etienne, taking off his hat for the last time, "as if we're indissolubly bound together by all the harm we've done each other."

Mr. Michael Hordern, as a much abused old friend, gives first-rate support. The smaller parts are elegantly handled by Miss Sulwen Morgan, Miss Catherine Salkeld, Miss Jane Cotton, and Miss Jennie Laird. The play is agreeably dressed and mounted. Mr. Michael Redgrave, who also directs, has done us a service by bringing this minor French masterpiece (written in 1890) to England for the first time. Whether London will stomach its self-enclosed French brilliance, airless and perfumed as a hotel corridor, remains to be guessed.

La Clemenza di Tito (Mozart)

Only when he set *Lucio Silla* (1772), *Idomeneo* (1781) and *La Clemenza di Tito* (1791) was Mozart able to indulge a lifelong passion for *opera seria*. This last opera was written in eighteen days and performed as part of the celebrations of the Coronation in Prague of the Emperor Leopold II as King of Bohemia. It is concerned, as one might expect from a commission of this sort, with the glorification of a benevolent despotism rather than with drama or character, and the central figure achieves miracles of forgiveness with almost self-indulgent frequency during the course of the opera.

Metastasio's libretto was revised for Mozart and some concerted numbers substituted for the formal arias of the original. It is in these revised sections that the music comes most nearly to life. The finale to Act 1, when the Capitol has been set on fire, is particularly notable. The agitated comments of the crowd begin offstage as background to the terror of the conspirators, and the whole scene builds up antiphonally into a powerful concerted piece worthy of *Idomeneo* at its best. Apart from this, Sextus's and Vitellia's two great arias with their elaborate instrumental *obbligati* are fine examples of the sort of thing the composer had done before (for instance, *Martern aller Arten*) when expression and drama were, as here, less important considerations than design and display. The characters of the opera in fact never come to life as do those in *Idomeneo* or, of course, the comedies, and there is a coldness about their music which may be partly explained by Mozart's extreme physical exhaustion at the time it was composed.

The performance by the City Opera Club was quite good enough to give an idea of the work, though the predominance of large-scale arias over ensembles made the going hard for the amateur soloists. All the same, the enterprise of the club and of its hard-working musical director, Alec Dempster, in presenting these performances is an outstanding achievement, as well as being the occasion of the only opportunity of hearing *La Clemenza di Tito* London has had for a number of years.

"Le Rêve de Leonor," at the Princes Theatre

Recently Frederick Ashton delighted us with *Apparitions*: now he sickens us with *Le Rêve de Leonor*, a new ballet he has invented for the *Ballets de Paris de Roland Petit*. The fault is really Leonor Fini's, the designer and instigator, in whose honour the ballet is named. This clever *pasticheuse* is the head of the marsh-gas school, a new blend of dressmaker's surrealism, which is now very popular in Paris: a dilution of Max Ernst, flavoured with Daliesque cliches and motifs borrowed from Grandville and Louis Wain. In this ballet, as in most of her work, she has used several of the better-known fetishes to catch her audience's attention. Dancers are smothered in furs and in feathers: a woman dressed mostly in hanks of hair dances with another who is bald: gloved hands make curious gestures; while all the time the dancing reproduces a pseudo-Freudian pattern. To make the piece palatable it has been flavoured with a whimsey that evokes the work of Enid Blyton. To quote from the synopsis: "This time it is a mass of rich sweetmeats and whipped cream in which she is engulfed. The dream again changes and Leonor becomes a little white owl playing gaily among beautiful feathered birds who come to her rescue, when a large black bird tries to carry her off. . . ." The never-never world that is created, half-way between the bed-time story and the casebook is at best fashionable, never startling or original. Frederick Ashton cannot be congratulated on giving himself to this nonsense. Occasionally, his great qualities as a choreographer emerge, but he has here come too much under the influence of Roland Petit. The varnish has been put on too thick. Likewise Benjamin Britten's lovely *Variation on a Theme of Frank Bridge* is wasted. Renée Jeanmaire now and then lifts this dull stuff off the floor with a spirited performance. Otherwise the dancing is not good.

Correspondence

A NEUTRAL GERMANY

SIR,—May I carry a little further your argument for an early effort to reach a truce in the "cold war"?

The crucial problem is the division of Germany. Once this is completed, it is an illusion to suppose that the two halves can re-unite at some vague date in the future, without war. The Eastern Zone, as time goes on, will be solidly integrated into the Russian economic and military system. Its industrial and social pattern is in the early stages of reconstruction on the Soviet model. This process is likely to continue at an accelerated pace. While the West develops into an American colony, the East will become a Communist State.

We must also reckon on a psychological change. Though I was not permitted, when I visited Germany in 1947, to enter the Russian Zone, I met some of its inhabitants in Berlin. My impression was that most of the population was at that time hostile to the new order. The Social-Democrats believed that in anything resembling a free election they would score a big majority. But the Russians were altering the balance of class power thoroughly and quickly. To-day selected workers throng the Universities; to-morrow they will man the professions and the Civil Service. Much of this transformation was in principle salutary, though it involved much hardship. Parallel with all this, the local leaders of the old Social-Democratic movement were brutally "liquidated." Other opponents of the new order emigrate to the West. Allow ten years for these changes to work; a new indoctrinated generation will then be in control, and the Eastern Zone could no more be federated peacefully with the Western Zones than the Ukraine could be federated with Ohio.

Consider next what will happen when Western Germany is invited to join the Western Union. It is primarily a defensive military alliance. The basis of any enduring international organisation must be equality of rights. For how long can their neighbours deny to the West Germans the right to bear arms? Overwhelming though Germany's war-guilt was, were the Italians and Austrians innocent? Yet they, under restrictions, are armed. On a short view, from a purely military standpoint, since the West is weak in man-power, the case for arming the West Germans is difficult to answer. It will happen in the worst way, secretly at first, through tolerated underground formations. That means a return to militarist nationalism in the ugliest and most dangerous form. I argue, therefore, that if the Germans are to remain, for their own good and ours, disarmed, they should not enter the Western Union.

The alternative is to make of a re-united Germany a neutral State under the guarantee of the four Great Powers. It must, of course, remain disarmed, under their inspection. The indispensable pre-condition is that all four armies of occupation must withdraw at an early date. The Russians would necessarily share in the supervision, for purposes of disarmament, of the Ruhr industries, and the Western Powers would have the same right in Eastern Germany. No Power should enjoy a veto in the Control Commission. I assume that Germany as a whole would receive Marshall Aid.

The gains from this arrangement are, firstly, that it would solve the tangle of Berlin, and secondly that it would clear away the suspicion which haunts the Russians that we mean to use the Ruhr for rearmament. Two wrongs keep alive in the minds of unregenerate Germans a militaristic habit of thought—the division of their country and the loss of their Eastern provinces. To undo the first of these wrongs is an essential preliminary to peace. Finally, the mere physical fact that a big area of neutral, buffer territory separates the two hostile blocks would lessen their mutual fears.

One disadvantage has to be faced. Germans do not want to be isolated; they want to rejoin the European family. As neutrals (like the Swiss) they could enter neither the Western Union nor the United Nations. But they should be welcomed in the functional organisations of the latter—F.A.O., Unesco, I.L.O. and the rest.

The usual objection to this proposal is that the Communists of the Eastern Zone would manage, by the sinister methods used in Poland and Hungary, to dominate the whole of Germany. Two differences destroy the analogy. First, these satellite countries were occupied by Russian armies. Secondly, their Socialist and Smallholders' parties (or big sections of them) were eager to collaborate. But the German Social-Democrats are bitterly hostile to Communism and so, needless to say, are the Christian Democrats.

I have heard it said that if the armies of Occupation withdrew, Germans would cut each other's throats. My own reading of the German national character is that it is somewhat too passive and law-abiding. The Paulus formations must be disbanded, and the German Federal Government should have at its disposal a small, lightly-armed but mobile police force, under officers with a good record.

Finally, assuming the conclusion also of peace with Austria, this arrangement would mean the withdrawal of Russia's armies within her own frontiers. It ought, on our side, to mean also the end of all political interference in Russia's sphere of influence. Our official protests, however well-founded, can only endanger the non-Communist groups, by exposing them to the suspicion that they are the "fifth column" of the Western Powers. On the other side, a truce should mean the end of guerilla warfare in Malaya and elsewhere and of economic sabotage by wanton strikes in Western Europe.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

THE LEWIS PURGE

SIR,—Critic's comment is but a pale shadow of what should be said about the ban on the employment of Communists and their sympathisers by the John Lewis Partnership. This is the most shocking political event that has occurred in England for a generation. I am surprised and dismayed that there has been so little editorial criticism generally of a step which, surely, is basically anti-democratic. Leaving aside the idiotic and frightening attempts to define a Communist sympathiser, at which the House Committee on un-American activities is so experienced, this is a most disturbing action. Democracy is measured by its toleration of *unpopular* opinions—the widely held ones are not in danger and the veriest tyranny allows some variation of opinion within accepted limits. The limits are everything. A democracy can very easily become a tyranny by narrowing them; there need be no sudden change. The point is, what are the limits? They may be drawn to exclude Communists from the Admiralty, but hardly the Reds of Peter Jones.

I thought that the democratic tradition had taken too deep a root in this country for Englishmen to repudiate it so easily, but this action of John Lewis's revokes three centuries of weary, painful democracy-building. It used to be the Roman Catholics, now it is the Communists. The issue is the same. We gave the right answer in 1688, but it seems that it was not final.

DAVID PYKE

REPORT FROM AMERICA

SIR,—Since some of your readers may have been readers of my weekly "Report From America" published in the European Edition of the *New York Herald Tribune* in Paris, I thought they might be interested in why my reports were abruptly discontinued on orders from the New York management.

On March 16th the European Edition published an article of mine in which I criticised in my regular weekly report Cardinal Spellman, head of the archdiocese of New York of the Roman Catholic Church, for his attitude towards the Catholic workers who had gone on strike in the cemeteries under his jurisdiction. Cardinal Spellman wrote a brief note claiming misstatements of fact in that article. Mrs. Ogden Reid, president of the *Herald Tribune*, and her son, Whitelaw Reid, editor of that newspaper and vice-president, thereupon decided that my columns, which had been published continuously from June 18th, 1947, until April 6th, 1949, and for nine months twice a week, should be discontinued at once and ordered the editor of the European Edition to take such action.

M. R. WERNER

177 Macdougal Street,
New York 11, N.Y.

THE DEATH PENALTY

SIR,—The Government has set up a slow motion record in the appointment of the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment. Meantime it has reverted to the *status quo* in the matter of hanging, which the Archbishop of Canterbury declared would be a moral setback. Indeed, the record of executions and reprieves after the truce to hanging ended on November 18 suggests, as Lord Templewood has pointed out, that the policy of the Home Office has hardened. There were five executions in six weeks in Norwich, Oxford, Liverpool, Cardiff and Leeds. The resumption of executions was therefore widely known and the press gave it full publicity. Capital punishment is so far unrelated to the incidence of murder that in the six weeks there was the unusually high figure of 28 murders as compared with 17 in the preceding seven weeks.

All this serves to show that the abolition of the death penalty in England would have no adverse effect on the murder rate, as it has had none in the many and diverse abolitionist countries. The Chairman of the Swedish Prison Board (Mr. Göransson) and the Secretary General of the Belgian Ministry of Justice (Dr. Cornil) gave detailed accounts last week to a Howard League conference of the treatment of murderers in their prisons. They made it clear, *inter alia*, that murderers presented no special problem or danger to prison staffs, that no special regime was provided for them, and that the abandonment of capital punishment had not increased murder. In both countries there were recent cases of innocent men convicted of murder, imprisoned for a substantial period and later vindicated and released with compensation. The circumstances of at least one of these cases was such that the man would certainly have been hanged in England. There would have been no retrial and no compensation. For this reason the Home Office knows of no miscarriage of justice here. One cannot appeal or agitate from a prison burial ground.

CICELY M. CRAVEN,
Honorary Secretary,
The Howard League for Penal Reform

EDUCATIONAL PRIVILEGES

SIR,—Last January, you published a letter from me about the entrance to Oxford and Cambridge Colleges by pupils from grant-aided and independent schools respectively. Before the war, the figures were given in the Board's annual report. I quoted the figures for 1938, and those for 1946, which had been given in the House of Commons by the Minister of Education. As he has not found it possible to give later figures, the Workers' Educational Association has made the necessary calculation for 1948 from the two sets of lists published in *The Times*' Educational Supplement.

The following are the figures:—

Open Scholarships and Exhibitions to Oxford and Cambridge Colleges.

	Grant-aided.	*Independent.*
1938	55%	45%
1946	54%	46%
1948	54% (49%)	46% (51%)

Thirty of the scholarships in 1948 were won by schools which were direct grant until the new regulations came into force in 1945, when, or in the following year, they decided to become independent. As this change could not have affected those pupils already in the schools, I have credited the scholarships to the grant-aided class, but the figures in brackets show what the percentage would have been otherwise. Since altogether thirty schools which were direct grant have now become independent, and no new maintained or aided grammar schools—if any such have been built—will develop a sixth form for some years, one will expect the percentage to shift in favour of the independent schools for a time, but these figures certainly do not bear out the gloomy statements that have been made about the lowering of standards of the grant-aided, as compared with the independent schools. The flight of teachers from the grammar schools since 1944—if indeed it is a reality—would seem to have affected the independent schools as much or as little as the grant-aided, judged by the standard here adopted.

But the fact that the pre-war *status quo* has been

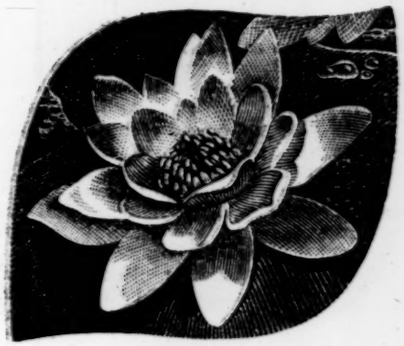
Convairtravel— for holidays abroad

Convairtravel means luxury flying at 5 miles a minute . . . it means pressurised and air conditioned cabins . . . extra stewardess service . . . even more luxurious armchair seating. These wonderful new 300 m.p.h. Convairliners are now operating on most of the K.L.M. European routes. Book now for summer travel to Holland, Switzerland, Scandinavia, Italy, Germany, Greece, Spain and Portugal.

K·L·M ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES 1919 30TH YEAR 1949

Reservations from all Air Travel Agents or K.L.M. Royal Dutch Airlines, 202/4 Sloane Street, S.W.1. (Tel. Kensington 8111) and at Manchester, Glasgow and Dublin.

It's time you flew K·L·M



For Morning Freshness

Euthymol TOOTHPASTE

FROM ALL CHEMISTS
A PARKE—DAVIS PRODUCT

IN THE MAY ISSUE OF

WORLD REVIEW

Human Problems in Industry — ELTON B. MAYO

Peace by Conference — ALEX COMFORT

Meeting Ezra Pound — ROBERT PAYNE
(*and Pound's new poem 'Human Vanity'*)

1984 and Newspeak — GEORGE ORWELL
(*from his new book to appear in June*)

Defence of the West — CAPT. B. H. LIDDELL HART

REVIEWS EUROPE AND THE WORLD

FULLY ILLUSTRATED • Now on sale at all bookstalls • 1/6

BY APPOINTMENT
TOILET SOAP MAKERS
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

The craftsmanship of over half a century is expressed in Bronnley soap

Bronnley
OF LONDON

maintained so far as open scholarships are concerned is no ground for assuming that there is equality of opportunity. It is not known how the Colleges select their remaining students from holders of State and Local Authority scholarships, and from those who can pay the cost and come from the Public Schools. Interviews are an essential part of the process of selection and if outstanding ability in scholarship papers can cancel out a Manchester accent, what are the chances of a student holding a Local Authority scholarship, and possessing a local "accent" against the applicant from Eton, Winchester or Rugby who has a lower examination standard? Nobody, except the Colleges, knows the answer and how the "imponderables" are weighed, but if the recommendations of the Working Party are accepted, and the cost of a University education, where necessary, provided from public funds, these "imponderables" will decide the selection of the majority of students at the older Universities.

W.E.A. Education Advisory Committee. SHENA D. SIMON, *Chairman*

THE FILM CRISIS AND SOCIALISM

SIR,—In his recent letter in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, Mr. J. B. Napier Bell gives a number of possible remedies for the film crisis. I cannot agree with the way he dismisses the Socialist solutions as being "probably impossible at the present time." I am also a bit puzzled at the way he ends by saying that consideration should be given to these Socialist remedies, without actually giving a clue as to what form he thinks they might take.

But it is his "probable" impossibility of Socialism in the film industry that really bothers me. Is one to be so perturbed at the Labour Government's subservience to capitalist America that any measure of Socialism must be regarded as a long-term policy? Is the President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Harold Wilson, so scared of crossing swords with the vertically-integrated monopolies that film workers can expect no more than casual employment?

It is a tragic thing that the abundant amount of evidence in the matter forces one to answer, "Yes," to both questions. However, in my opinion, this means that one should start the campaign for Socialism in our time right now. I fully realise that this may sound heretical in these days of "evolutionary Socialism," but within the film business, if nowhere else, the evils of private enterprise are so clear, and the two alternatives of private enterprise and national control so sharp that drastic action in the form of nationalisation is necessary.

The present controllers of film production have failed to put their house in order, and so nationalisation is the only practical alternative. What is equally clear—and Mr. Napier Bell fails to note this—is that these same controllers of the industry (because of their greater allegiance to the showing of U.S. films than to the production of British), are no longer compelled to make British if they want to import foreign ones. The Government, often accused of loving controls, has by dropping the Renters' Quota given unwarranted freedom to big business with the usual disastrous effects in terms of unemployment, casual labour and worsening conditions for the employees, not to mention the loss to the nation in terms of trade, culture and prestige. CHRISTOPHER BRUNEL

Gerrards Cross.

BRITISH SOCIALISM

SIR,—While most Socialists in this country will readily endorse both the definitions and ideals alluded to in Professor Cole's first two paragraphs and the concrete measures proposed in his last, it is much less easy to share the complacency of the claim that "there is reason for feeling deeply satisfied at the pace at which" this country has been advancing towards Socialism since 1945.

In fact the Labour Government has taken and is taking effective and praiseworthy steps to meet the needs of the mass of the electors in housing, nutrition, health and security of employment. But, as Professor Cole is at pains to stress, Socialism "is much less an economic policy than a way of life"; and where is one to find any urgent awareness of this either in the Labour achievements since 1945 or in their programme for the 1950s?

Professor Cole quite rightly puts forward as the basic characteristics of a Socialist way of life—equality of opportunity and an active permeation by the democratic spirit of all levels of our productivity and administration. What has Labour done and what is it proposing to do to promote these things?

Everyone knows that the key to equality of opportunity lies in the educational system. But whereas the recent and pending developments in education may be welcomed as helping us to compete with other nations in industry, technics and science, while classes of 40 and 50 stultify so many of our schools and classes of 30 are viewed as an ideal for most, it is meaningless to talk of equality of opportunity.

74 Oakwood Court, W.14. F. F. SEELEY

SOVIET FOREIGN POLICY

SIR,—On my return to England recently, I was shown Mr. A. J. P. Taylor's review of my book *The Foreign Policy of Soviet Russia*, Vol. II, which appeared in your issue of April 2.

I feel that I must at once, in fairness to myself and to the Royal Institute of International Affairs, correct a total misrepresentation of the conditions under which this book was written. Mr. Taylor asserts that the book was written to the orders of, and under the control of, "an anonymous committee."

There was no anonymous committee. I was assisted by many members of Chatham House and its staff whose names are given in the Introduction to one or other volume. Those to whom the completed manuscript was shown were Mr. E. H. Carr, the Warden of All Souls College, and Mr. L. G. Robinson, of the London School of Economics, who had kindly agreed to read the text at the request of the Institute's Publications Committee. While I am grateful to them for many practical suggestions I bear full responsibility for both the content and the form of the final work. MAX BELOFF

Oxford.

FEMALE CIRCUMCISION

SIR,—As a Sudanese I should like to add some words to your correspondent Mr. H. N. Brailsford's recent letter on the subject of female circumcision in the Sudan.

As regards the canon law of Islam, Mr. Brailsford does not go far enough in quoting the Koran as not sanctioning the action, since this and all forms of mutilation are explicitly prohibited in it. The Ulema of the Sudan did in fact issue a "futwah" in 1945 in which the practice was condemned as being anti-Islamic. This opinion was endorsed on medical and psychological grounds by all the Sudanese qualified doctors. Furthermore, a law was passed in the same year making the practice illegal and all qualified midwives were instructed to adhere to it.

These measures have so far failed for a number of reasons. First, the practice is entirely a feminine affair over which the laws of men have no effect, but in which the superstitious beliefs of the powerful old women of the family hold sway. Secondly, the majority of practising midwives who perpetrate this operation are unqualified and unknown to the authorities, and they are protected from detection by the heavy curtain of feminine secrecy and segregation. The authorities cannot hope to enforce the law prohibiting circumcision until they effectively increase the number of qualified and registered midwives. For the immediate future, selected Sudanese women must be trained as welfare workers in order to spread enlightened ideas among the predominantly ignorant womenfolk and thereby undermine the retrogressive influence of the despotic grandmothers and old aunts. The help of European women of good will and tact is greatly needed in this field, especially as trainers of the welfare-workers, for it might be unwise if they began their work by directly communicating with Sudanese families.

Suspicion on the part of the Sudanese nationalists has led them to believe, rightly or wrongly, that the British authorities were unnecessarily interfering in an intimate matter in order to divert attention from more vital political issues which have been coming to the fore during this decade. The Sudanese people rightly demand that the authorities should concern themselves with the question of education, especially that of girls, for it is rather by such constructive measures than by negative propaganda that this cruel and harmful practice can be wiped out.

ABDULLA EL FAZIB

"RED FLAG" WORDS

SIR,—Here, for Mr. Mortimer's collection, are some more "Red Flag" words, together with an indication of what they do *not* mean:

Alibi, excuse; *diction*, enunciation; *historicity*, historical accuracy; *feasible*, possible; *virtually*, almost; *visualize*, imagine. MARCEL HARRISON

47 Gerard Road, S.W.13.

CYCLE PATHS

SIR,—If Critic had ever ridden a cycle along a special track beside an arterial road, he would not long have remained unaware why cyclists won't use them. Special tracks are abused by both the other classes of road-user, motorists and pedestrian, in the following ways:

(a) Pedestrians consider these paths as mere extensions to the pavement, and wander about them in a completely slap-happy manner, to the discomfiture of any unfortunate cyclist who may come upon them suddenly.

(b) On arterial roads which carry a bus service, the stops are of course situated on the edge of the main road; bus passengers queue, surge, and make sudden leaps right across the cycle path.

(c) A cyclist using a main road has, in common with other vehicles on that road, right of way over users of secondary roads crossing or discharging into it. But apparently cycle-tracks are categorized as no-class roads: motorists using the secondary roads halt, as they are required to do, at the arterial road—but halt across the cycle track. Thus any cyclist using a track automatically forfeits a fundamental right of way. W. T. WRIGHT

115 Mayfair Avenue, Ilford.

PEACE VOLUNTEERS

SIR,—I am writing to ask if you could help us to make the best use of a considerable amount of voluntary labour that is available for the benefit of the community in this country. We are the British Branch of the international movement "Le Service Civil International" which exists to bring together men and women of different nationalities for the purpose of working together on constructive service for the community.

Unlike our Continental branches, the British branch finds considerable difficulty in obtaining suitable projects that have some degree of urgency, that do not compete with paid labour, and that can be undertaken by a team of between 10 and 25 volunteers from varying occupations and backgrounds.

Last year volunteers from 18 countries worked here alongside British members helping to build a village hall in a Yorkshire village, improving the amenities of a community centre, running a harvest camp, etc. This year we could still undertake further suitable jobs, and it may be that your readers could suggest some to us. I.V.S.P. is non-political and non-sectarian, and its work is recognised and supported by many official bodies, including Unesco.

It seems to us at this time no opportunity of demonstrating the possibility of real international co-operation should be lost, and we would be most grateful for any assistance.

DEREK EDWARDS, *General Secretary*

International Voluntary Service for Peace,
3 Cromwell Road, S.W.7.

BALZAC AND ENGLAND

SIR,—I am preparing an exhibition of books, engravings, cartoons and all sorts of documentary material related to "Balzac and England," and shall be grateful if any of your readers can help me in this direction. First editions of English translations of Balzac's works would be greatly appreciated. Any books and documents sent me will be returned to their owners as quickly as possible after the exhibition. MIRON GRINDEA, *Editor*

Adam International Review,
28 Emperor's Gate,
London, S.W.7.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE wonderful boy, the fortunate youth and, now, the man of the world—a role that has become esoteric: Mr. Evelyn Waugh is the cleverest English novelist alive. He has only to put pen to paper, and the revolving doors spin round, the cars arrive indiscreetly on the gravel, for one who never fails to know his way about. His novels, three or four of them anyway, slip down like oysters; and the rest are crisp, dry and kind to the palate. When old characters, like Lady Metroland, or raffish old prawns in the game like Basil Seal and Ambrose Silk are served up to us again, they are always in perfect condition, never stale, never flaccid and never slack. And one book, *Decline and Fall*, seems sure of a permanent place in our comic literature. From time to time Mr. Waugh's bowler ("he observed certain immature taboos of dress, such as wearing a hat in London until after Goodwood week; he had a firm, personal sense of schoolboy honour" *Put Out More Flags*) becomes a flashy helmet and choleric murmurs of Crécy, Agincourt, Inkerman and Ypres may come up warmly from beneath the brim. One can hear the rolled umbrella come down on the pavement with a sharp and ruffled tap. But on the whole, and despite an occasional scene, Mr. Waugh is moving comfortably into the position of the pocket-Maugham of his time. There is the same assumption of a professional personality, the same air of opinion digested, the same self-possession, craftsmanship, attention to style; we might go farther and point to the same disappointed romanticism, the same fear of poetic sensibility, the ability to talk about love and what afflicts the imagination, but not to describe it. In Maugham, of course, everything is under control; snobbery and modishness are not completely under control in Mr. Waugh. He has his raw places. And the similarities between these two writers must not distract us from the freaks and rages that divide the satirist from the man of irony. Where Maugham turns the gentleman inside out, Mr. Waugh turns him upside down with the exhilarating short temper of a bogus Alice frightened of what she has seen in her Looking Glass.

Bogus: it is Mr. Waugh's own word, his contribution to social criticism. Maugham was gratified and confirmed when he discovered that things are not what they seem. Mr. Waugh was outraged. He kicked the chair, he threw the plates on the floor, he bit nanny and wrote things on the wall. The hurt and pouting child became the connoisseur of atrocity, a seeker after modest proposals: the cremating of "the loved one" in the ovens of the Happier Hunting Ground, marriage into the White Slave business, the smuggling of *pâté de foie gras* into Dartmoor by the Home Secretary, the peddling of delinquent children to billeting officers in the West Country. Mr. Waugh discovered that the limits of laughter could be pushed farther, beyond the Arcadia of Mr. Wodehouse, into the hell beyond where the "Haldane-Huxley gun for the dissemination of leprosy," presides over our civilisation. It was Voltaire's lesson: the facts are always more atrocious than we know; you have to drive at top speed to catch up with them; having done that, a writer's duty is to put on a spurt and pass them. There is a clue in *Ninety Two Days*, one of Mr. Waugh's travel books about a journey in Guiana—fussy and solemn in his travel books, Mr. Waugh displays in them all his anxieties bereft of their fantastic wings—when he speaks of the fascination of borderlands, conflicts in culture and ideas uprooted from their traditions. A Twentyish notion: he was trying out abroad the methods he had applied, with more spirit, to the tribes of the country house or Pont Street—the real "natives" of to-day, not yet assimilated—to their education at Oxford, their follies in Jermyn Street, in all those corners of the "reserve," where they had entered upon a ruthless and happy dilapidation.

The moment was ripe for the anthropologist with his non-committal science. Mr. Waugh's novels—and perhaps this can be said of many of the novels of his generation—seem, as he astutely said of the contemporary taste for architecture, non-committal to the point of being a substitute for something else. The most distinguished work nowadays is intimate without being personal; it is written for friends. (It is a weakness of Mr. Waugh's work that there are too many writers and artists in it: a natural result of the break-up of the tribes.) Outside this agreeable community of *déclassées* he is evidently at a loss; there is the puzzling Mr. Hooper of *Brideshead Revisited*, the low-class officer who was shamefully insulted in the mess by the drunken Colonel. ("Oh, no hard feelings," said Hooper. "I can take a bit of sport.") Hooper has something behind him; he has not traditions from which he has been uprooted. He has grown up; but the usual run of Waugh characters are lost in the shamelessness of the childhood they are reluctant to leave. Romantically—and Mr. Waugh's comic gift is fundamentally romantic—they believe that all desires can be realised: that one can drive a Baby Austin down a gents' lavatory, that drunk majors keep their promises, that Mr. Loveday, the sex maniac, will be able, one of these days, to get the afternoon off from the lunatic asylum and make another kill and so console the evening of his days. Personal happiness and fulfilment! Adam will always be able to palm off Ginger's wife as his own; Mr. Boot, the writer of Nature Notes, will bring off the phoney scoop in Abyssinia. These are the ingredients of fairy tale, the most shocking, when one comes to think of it, of literary genres, and they are a gorgeous commentary on the underlying morality of the period.

Trouble starts for the comic writer when he can no longer resist the desire to play a straight part, when the mist of nostalgia comes to the eye. The last pages of *Decline and Fall* and of *Vile Bodies*, the last hundred and fifty pages of *Brideshead Revisited*, show what melodrama, glamour and remorse can do. They are more dangerous for Mr. Waugh because he is a modish writer, and the mode demands a cold eye and a steady hand. It calls for the continual, almost puritanical, repression of all that is calamitously fertile and exposing. Fatal for Mr. Waugh—as it has been for Mr. Coward—to mix his drinks and let that mist come into the eye. The unsteady mixture of romance, snobbery and, to top it all, of religion has landed this fastidious writer straight into *Brideshead Revisited*, and the brutal bosom of Marie Corelli. *Brideshead* was a Grouper's book, after the brilliant Oxford chapters: Nearer My God to Thee, the Best Society and the people in the know.

One hates to say this, because the first eighty pages of *Brideshead* are the best Mr. Waugh has ever written. And it would be absurd to complain of snobbery, for that is an inextricable part of the English novel. Jane Austen made no bones about it. George Eliot and Meredith were romantic snobs, and there is a lesson there: romantic snobbery seems to go best with the moral ruminations of the go-getting Protestant. By taking the moral teeth out of his Catholicism, by studiously presenting bad Catholics, and by presenting their religion nostalgically, Mr. Waugh failed to let himself go in this book. He simply transposed himself into a louder and muzzier key; but the problem he set himself is one that no English novelists have ever succeeded with: no one has ever created a Julien Sorel or a Lucien Leuwen.

Anyway, one doubts whether "letting himself go" in the ripe and plummy sense, is the most promising course for Mr. Waugh. If he is going to move away from the nasty fairy tale like *The Loved One* or the genial fairy tale like *Scoop*—the Boots are far better observed than the family at Brideshead—his next best vein is suggested by the dry, stoical, melancholy, fussy little figure who bickers with Hooper or who makes a malign appearance in *Work Suspended*.* This short sarcasm, unfinished at the beginning of the war, has only now become generally available. Maugham-like, it exploits limitations. The atrocity has become milder; the narrator has the slight peculiarity of falling in love with the pregnant wife of his friend, but the difficulty is how to describe love. Mr. Waugh writes a short Maugham paragraph on the difficulty, and that neatly does the trick.

> To write of someone loved, of oneself loving, above all, of being loved—how can these things be done with propriety? . . . It is problem beyond the proper scope of letters.

Proper, propriety—one notes the words: they evoke the bowler hat. Constant and one or two others succeeded after all; but then one has to be able to distinguish between love and the sentiments, and that is not for this novelist.

Work Suspended has many of these clever evasions, judicious, epigrammatic, brilliantly placed. Astutely they sum up a period. Of a novelist, for example:

> Whatever, secretly, we thought about our work we professed, in public, to regard it as drudgery and our triumphs as impostures on the world at large. To speak otherwise would be to suggest that we were concerned with anyone else's interest but our own. It would be a denial of the *sauve qui peut* principle which we had all adopted.

Sauve qui peut—how well that describes the last phase of the "reserve."

On marriage:

> Her fortune was a secondary attraction: he lacked the Mediterranean mentality that can regard marriage as an honourable profession, perhaps because he lacked the Mediterranean respect for the permanence of the arrangement.

The Party-member husband in this story is a bore; he is a victim of the intimacy of the modern novel. He has one foot in real life, and one has the impression of overhearing instead of hearing him. But the portrait of the ratty old painter who makes a secret living out of picture-faking, the activities of hard-luck Atwater who ran the old man down in his motor car and killed him, and considered this was as good an introduction to the son as any other and worth at least a fiver—these are brilliant inventions. Atwater is one of Mr. Waugh's best atrocities.

Mr. Waugh falls upon the dilapidated with the rapacity of the true satirical plunderer of the innocent. He sets out on these raids with exhilaration and without the tired, lined face of the professional comic, because his inventions spring from a remarkable creative vitality; they are not the stock tricks of farce. They are formed by a really original malevolence, for no one had explored the territory of shamelessness before. Mr. Boot's treatment of the Fleet Street editor, Ambrose Silk's cynical devotion to the delinquent children whom he plants on families with beautiful things—"Shall we muck them up?"—the wickedness of *The Loved One*,

* *Work Suspended*. By Evelyn Waugh. *Chapman & Hall*. 7s. 6d.

RUSSELL

our greatest living philosopher, whose *History of Western Philosophy* sold over 50,000 copies, discusses in the recently broadcast

REITH LECTURES

the vital problem of to-day—the continual fight between the requirements of public order and private initiative. Under the title

Authority and the Individual

these lectures are now available in book form. *Cr. 8vo. 125 pp. 6s. net*

A History of British Socialism

M. BEER

"The most complete account of the development of Socialist thought in Great Britain which has yet appeared," *from* PROFESSOR R. H. TAWNEY'S *Introduction.*

7th impression. 15*s. net*

George Allen & Unwin Ltd

DAN DAVIN

ROADS FROM HOME

"An excellent young writer . . . Genuine and moving style" LIONEL HALE (*Observer*) "A novel of considerable distinction" NEWS CHRONICLE "A fine mixture of town and country life as lived by people never far from the poverty line . . . Living and convincing people, seen with sympathy and good humour" HOWARD SPRING (*Sunday Graphic*)

In continuous demand

H. E. BATES
THE JACARANDA TREE

★

GUY GIBSON
ENEMY COAST AHEAD

★

AGNES KEITH
THREE CAME HOME

★

E. S. TURNER
BOYS WILL BE BOYS

★

ANDRÉ SIMON
A WINE PRIMER

MICHAEL JOSEPH

marred only by the discomforting snobbery of the poet: these are new to our comic literature. And the speech ripples along with the crisp effrontery of the invention, creating character as it goes along. Mrs. Stitch, the hostess of *Scoap*, stands out in my mind, enclosed in her clay mask, signing cheques, dictating letters, telephoning, directing the young man who is painting ruined castles on her bedroom ceiling, hearing her child construe Virgil and doing the crossword, all at the same time:

> "Come in," she said, "I'm just going out. Why twenty pounds to Mrs. Beaver?"
>
> "That was for Lady Jean's wedding present," said Miss Holloway.
>
> "I must have been insane. About the lion's head for the centurion's breastplate; there's a beautiful one over the gate of a house near Salisbury, called Twisbury Manor; copy that as near as you can; ring up *Country Life* and ask for 'back numbers'; there was a photograph of it two years ago. You're putting too much ivy on the turret, Arthur; the owl won't show up unless you have him on the bare stone, and I'm particularly attached to the owl. *Munera*, darling, like tumtiddy; always a short *a* in neuter plurals. It sounds like an anagram; see if 'Terracotta' fits. I'm delighted to see you, John. Where have you been? You can come and buy carpets with me: I've found a new shop in Bethnal Green, kept by a very interesting Jew who speaks no English; the most extraordinary things keep happening to my sister. Why should I go to Viola Chasm's Distressed Area? Did she come to my Model Madhouse?"

Mrs. Stitch sums up his country, but she leaves him at a crossroads. From a writer's point of view, there appears to be no point in becoming a romantic or a sentimental Catholic after meeting Mrs. Stitch; there does not seem much point, either, in being just another man of the world, even though the role has become eccentric; what one expects of extremists is that they should be extreme.

V. S. PRITCHETT

A TRAGEDY OF GREATNESS

The White House Papers of Harry L. Hopkins, Vol. II. By ROBERT E. SHERWOOD. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 25*s.*

The second volume of the White House Papers fulfils the brilliant promise of the first. On the dust cover, Mr. Sherwood calls his book "an intimate history"—a good description if "history" is given its ancient sense. For Mr. Sherwood is a dramatist, as well as a painstaking reader of documents. In the course of his deceptively simple narrative, his hero grows in response to the challenge of events. Roosevelt—Hopkins has become a secondary character—knows his "doom"; but he believes that he can fight it down, and for a long time he seems to be doing it. Then, suddenly, true to the old Greek formula, he is cut down by fate from the pinnacle of success. As we read on in this second volume, we can see that the early triumphs of the New Deal and the first falterings in the twilight period of American non-belligerency, were only the prelude to tragedy. Roosevelt emerges from his Transatlantic tent to do combat in the vaster field of world diplomacy. But his superb natural self-confidence and political intuition are clouded by memories of a former President. At all costs he must avoid the mistakes which led to the disavowal by the Senate of the League of Nations.

Woodrow Wilson's Twenty-one Points gave the German Army its excuse in 1918. *Therefore*, Unconditional Surrender becomes the unalterable policy of his successor. Wilson failed because the Senate would not accept the commitments implicit in the Covenant. *Therefore*, Roosevelt must side with Stalin on the issue of the veto. Versailles was repudiated because, intoxicated by the applause of London, Paris and Rome, Wilson tried to commit America to a rigid framework of peace. *Therefore*, until the war is over Roosevelt must avoid any sort of commitment. The obsession with Wilson's mistakes became the pivot of Roosevelt's failure.

Mr. Sherwood's peculiar skill is that he lets the story tell itself. The greatness of Roosevelt emerges from the action of the drama and, throughout, the tragedy is implicit in the greatness. Gradually we realise that, in the supreme contest with Stalin—the contest for world peace—he is doomed. In seeking to avoid the mistakes of Wilson, he must fall into even greater ones. His death, and that of Harry Hopkins, come almost as a relief. It would have been an unbearable irony if these two had lived to repudiate as an illusion their high ideals, and to proclaim the Truman Doctrine as the "Roosevelt Doctrine." Here indeed is the difference from the tragedy of Neville Chamberlain. Appeasement was sordid, because its puny protagonist was blinded by fear and a feverish desire to come to terms with destiny. At Yalta, a man of vision tried to break the nexus of the past, and was broken by it.

Many will read *The White House Papers* in order to find out "what went wrong." If we had done this or that at this or that particular date, might it not all have come out differently? Supposing we had launched the second front in 1943 or even, as Eisenhower wanted, in 1942? Supposing we had avoided the political blunders in North Africa and Italy? Supposing the atom bomb had not fallen on Hiroshima? Mr. Sherwood provides material in abundance for such wisdom after the event. But the real lesson of his "intimate history" is the weakness even of the strongest personalities when they try to fight against history. Churchill's "What we have, we hold" sounded brave enough when it was spoken. But how futile in retrospect were his efforts to shore up our own and the other colonial empires. Haunted by the spectre of Passchendaele, he sought, right up to the last, to destroy Germany by air bombardment, and so to avoid the bloodletting of the cross-Channel invasion. Britain's strength, he believed, must be reserved for the post-war struggle with the Soviet Union. Churchill was probably right in warning Roosevelt that that struggle was unavoidable, but his warnings were ineffective because, as Roosevelt rightly saw, he had no answer to the Communist challenge. In *The White House Papers* Churchill emerges not as a protagonist but as a secondary figure—a bellicose Polonius—who does his brilliantly-conceived turn, receives his round of applause, and exits before the big scene begins. A lesser man, with less taste for strategic speculation and more understanding of the modern world, would have served Britain better, once the threat of German invasion had been removed.

When we study Mr. Sherwood's picture of Stalin, we cannot help realising what full warnings he gave of his intentions, not only in his formal declarations of policy but in the chance asides of conversation with Harry Hopkins. Throughout, he was brutally cynical about the rights of small nations and, as for the influence of public opinion in democracies, his response was that it could be dealt with by a propaganda campaign. Asked on one occasion about Ribbentrop, he replied candidly that one could get on with anyone if one had to. One of his few moments of enthusiasm was when he expressed his approval of Bomber Harris's policy of destroying working-class housing in Germany.

In dealing with Roosevelt and Churchill, Stalin's strength lay precisely in his limitations. He subordinated all personalities, including his own, to a Marxist destiny. This gave him a standard by which he could measure any proposal, and a consistency, proof against any allurement. He always knew exactly what Russia required, whether the issue was Lend-Lease shipments, the terms for participation in the Japanese war, or the definition of a "friendly Poland."

In Stalin's eyes, Roosevelt must have appeared as the opportunist *par excellence*. He had strong moral principles, but virtually no political ones;

no fixed standard of judgment with regard to international affairs, and therefore no limitations in discussions of the peace settlement. According to Mr. Sherwood, as late as 1943 Roosevelt conceived of a world ruled by the Big Three, with all colonies under international trusteeship, and countries such as France treated as small powers and therefore disarmed. In 1942 he had said:

> I like to think that the history of the Philippine Islands in the last 44 years provides in a very real sense a pattern for the future of other small nations and peoples of the world. It is a pattern of what men of good will look forward to in the future.

And Mr. Sherwood comments:

> In this statement Roosevelt was underscoring the differences between himself and his respected friend Winston Churchill on the extension of the principles of the Atlantic Charter to such areas as Burma, Malaya, the Netherlands East Indies and Indo-China.

No wonder that not only de Gaulle and Churchill, but British Socialists also, were afraid of Roosevelt's idealism and the more the British and the French opposed it, the more Stalin began to believe that he could do business with America. He saw that, with the inevitable decline of British imperialism a world "ruled by the Big Three" would mean a world ruled by the Big Two; and if he accepted Roosevelt's assumption that American troops would not serve overseas, this meant that Europe and the whole of Asia would be delivered into his hands.

The only trouble from the Russian point of view was that, directly any attempt was made to give concrete form to Roosevelt's ideas of Big Three control, they proved unworkable. France would not submit to being treated as a protectorate, nor would Britain surrender her colonies. Moreover, American public opinion refused to see Poland as the Philippines of the Soviet Union. When these practical difficulties began to emerge, Roosevelt tried the tactics which had proved so successful in American domestic politics. He withdrew his horns. Let the big idea remain as the basis of co-operation, and let consideration of the details be postponed till after victory. It was at this point that Stalin began to see the difficulties of negotiating with Roosevelt and Hopkins. In dealing with them, there were no fixed points. What once seemed like principles were suddenly discarded or transformed into their opposite, under the pressure of that maddening American pretext, public opinion. This had been the experience of every convinced New Dealer in dealing with the President. But a World New Deal could not be handled in the same way. When the war stopped a few months after Roosevelt's death, it was found that the co-operation of Teheran and Yalta had evaporated into thin air. What had then appeared as precise agreements were found to be only the aura of Roosevelt's personality. Mr. Sherwood writes:

> At Yalta, Roosevelt was adhering to the basic formula of unconditional surrender; beyond that, he demanded only—to quote one of his favourite phrases—"freedom of action." . . . I believe it can be proved that he made no commitment on any policy concerned with the post-war treatment of Germany except on the matter of Allied military occupation and the principle of trial and punishment for the war criminals.

That was exactly the trouble. By avoiding all commitments and preventing Britain from making any, Roosevelt left the Western Powers, after his death, completely without a policy. Nothing was agreed between Churchill and Truman when the Potsdam Conference met, except the vague ideas of smashing German and Japanese militarism, co-operating with Russia, and preventing the ambition of second-class powers from causing rifts between East and West.

With a superb generosity of spirit, Roosevelt and Hopkins had believed that Russian suspicions could be overcome only by an act of will on the part of the Western democracies. Unfortunately, generosity is a quality which Communists do not appreciate. Stalin only saw the opportunity for playing off Roosevelt against Churchill, and he relied on the revival of American isolationism, which he knew to be Roosevelt's obsession, to produce in due course the power vacuum which Communism would fill. Meanwhile he naturally welcomed a co-operation which made no specific demands on the Soviet Union. What was needed at Yalta and Teheran to create the possibility of a genuine Three-Power unity was a tenacious and precise definition by Roosevelt of America's requirements in Europe, and the commitment of the U.S.A. to limited but specific intervention. In such a task, Woodrow Wilson, with his rigid pedantry and unbending political principles might have been a match for Molotov himself. But Wilson was the past which Roosevelt was determined at all costs to disown.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

LAMBS TO THE SLAUGHTER

The Lambs. By KATHARINE ANTHONY. *Hammond.* 15s.

Not to beat about the bush, I found this study of the Lambs and their circle highly exasperating. It wallows in superiority and penetration; it knows too much, it always manages to know better, and it wants to get too much in. The subtitle, "A Study of Pre-Victorian England," seems to mean that no digressions are barred; that the all-seeing eye will now transfer to the Gillman household, or the relations between Hazlitt and his first wife. Or its extensive claim may be derived from such a bird's-eye view as the following:

> These London-born children [the three Lambs] belonged to what we have learned in our time to call significantly the war generation. Mary and John were approaching adolescence when the American Revolution began. Their childish eyes must have seen perhaps, with suitable curiosity, the portentous figures of Benjamin Franklin and Tom Paine coming and going in the Temple. Charles was entering adolescence when the French storm broke. His weak form must have trembled with the fearful reverberations around him. All three reflected in their lives the difficulties of their era.

This false-historical approach is luckily intermittent; but even squirts of it from time to time shake one's faith. The writer does, of course, know a lot. She has read abundantly, and is much better informed than any critic not a Lamb scholar can pretend to be. But fact, opinion and conjecture are all mixed up in a dogmatic hotch-potch. Often one can't tell which is which; at times an "if" or "but" affords the clue, but with disturbing effect. For instance, Mary Lamb is dwelt on as a feminist pioneer—only so far ahead as to be out of sight. The suggestion is that she regarded Mary Wollstonecraft as a sister spirit, and found the *Vindication of the Rights of Women* her identical cup of tea. For "it would have been strange indeed" if she had not read the *Vindication*—in other words, apparently, we do not know that she had. However:

> Many an evening did Miss Lamb spend sitting under the portrait of Mary Wollstonecraft playing whist with the Godwins. [Here a comma would have come in handy.] Though the conversation of the Godwins rarely turned on the portrait, the inspiration of that countenance and the memory of that life must have spoken eloquently at least to one of the whist-players. Mary Lamb had probably never seen Mary Wollstonecraft in the flesh. . . . But the late intimacy between the Lambs and the Godwins must have brought the *Vindication* vividly to Mary's mind, though its teaching would have been among the things about which she kept silent. . . .
>
> If Mary Lamb, furthermore, had been led by her brother John to look on *The Wealth of Nations* and the *Vindication of the Rights of Women* as interesting and attractive literature [for "of John it may be assumed that he had read *The Wealth of Nations*"] she might have been inclined to see in these works something to imitate. . . .

All this is leading up to Mary's *Essay on Needlework*: a modest plea that ladies should not do it at home, but give it out to women earning their bread. The little work is quoted in full. Modest, conservative, resigned—those seem to be the obvious words. But here the *Essay* is described as "a unique adventure in writing,"

HERBERT FARJEON

THE SHAKESPEAREAN SCENE

The most famous English actors and actresses of this century acting in the greatest plays ever written, are discussed and criticized with shrewdness and brilliance. 12/6

THE LONG WAY HOME

by TANG SHENG

With freshness and humour, a young Chinese girl tells of her hazardous journey by donkey, raft, junk, lorry and on foot, with five male companions, from Shanghai into the far interior of China. 16/-

With 34 Illustrations by a talented young Chinese artist, DEH LAN

With an introduction by S. I. HSIUNG

HUTCHINSON

Largest of Book Publishers

OXFORD BOOKS

FOREIGN ECONOMIC POLICY FOR THE UNITED STATES

edited by

SEYMOUR E. HARRIS

(for Harvard University Press)

32s. 6d. net

The foreign economic policy of the United States is here explained and discussed by twenty-five American scholars and experts, many of whom played an important part in evolving it.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

THE DIARY OF ANTOINE ROQUENTIN

Jean-Paul Sartre

"The book of a philosopher of European renown into which has been put, surely, a good deal of his finest thought." JULIA STRACHEY (*New Statesman*).

"This first novel is, I think, easily M. Sartre's best . . . it is a novel of the greatest dexterity and nervous energy, full of the mystery of men and matter." LIONEL HALE (*Observer*).

"He writes with superb ease and directness which the excellent translation allows us to appreciate." L. P. HARTLEY (*Time and Tide*).

"No one who is interested in the movements of thought in Europe can fail to find it worth reading." (*Yorkshire Post.*)

RECOMMENDED BY THE BOOK SOCIETY

2nd. Impression. 9s. 6d.

Just Published

THE CITY AND THE PILLAR

Gore Vidal

"A serious work of literature. The writing, always sober and responsible, quickens often to a lyrical tone, and the detail is closely observed." L. A. G. STRONG (*Spectator*). 10s. 6d.

DARK AVENUES

Ivan Bunin

The latest collection of stories by the famous Russian Nobel Prize winner, "the writings of a master." (*Evening Standard*). RECOMMENDED BY THE BOOK SOCIETY 9s. 6d.

JOHN LEHMANN

A Fine of Two Hundred Francs

by

ELSA TRIOLET

These three short novels won their author France's leading literary award, the *Prix Goncourt*. They combine romantic charm with realistic tragedy, and give us living characters who work, fight, fall in love, dream and staunchly resist the invader.

10/6 net

HUTCHINSON
INTERNATIONAL AUTHORS

"a creative flash," a piece of thinking so modern that we have not yet caught up with it.

As a pioneer, then (something of a crypto-pioneer), Mary is in high favour. But when we come to her affliction, the case is altered. By way of thoroughly eschewing the old-fashioned theory that lunatics act without a motive, Miss Anthony treats her almost as accountable for her mother's murder, and comes very near suggesting that she should have been hanged. Briefly, her escape is put down to wire-pulling; the authorities "condoned" her crime, as Charles "condoned" it through life. We even find a hint that lunacy was not proved. The statement in a press report that she had been deranged once before is ascribed to "editorial touching-up"; it "has no discoverable basis," and "there are reasons for doubting it." Here I am at a loss. Charles wrote to Coleridge, explicity, that Mary never used to pass Bedlam without the thought that she might end her days there—"conscious of a certain flightiness in her poor head often-times and *mindful of more than one severe illness of that nature before.*" Was Charles, the criminal condoner, making it up?

Not that her madness is denied. But it is tut-tutted about: the guilty woman simply would not face facts, and keep it well in mind that she was a murderess. With just a little straight thinking —the assumption is—all might have been well. Certainly a layman has no right to contest this view; but it sounds unduly optimistic. I doubt if, even in our own day, manic-depressives are quite as easy as that.

Oddly enough, the writer, so severe on her chosen subjects in the name of modernity, has nothing but indulgence for the mother who, said Charles, had never understood Mary right, who "never could believe how much she loved her, but met her caresses, her protestations of filial affection, too frequently with coldness and repulse." Miss Anthony is shocked now. "Surely," she exclaims, "Elizabeth Lamb had paid enough for her foolish behaviour as a mother. But the instrument of vengeance, Mary, and Mary's advocate Charles, could not yet rise to the human height of ordinary simple pity for her—" Well, well. Surely, one would have thought, Elizabeth Lamb—to whom her daughter was completely sacrificed, and tied day and night—could scarcely have behaved worse, or been more to blame for the catastrophe.

It would take too long to enumerate poor Charles's moral flaws, his "naivetés" and self-deceptions. But here, I must say, the biographer is handicapped; she can't see a joke. To take a simple instance: Charles, we know, was once arrested for drunkenness and put in the stocks. "A thing of naught," he excused himself, "a fault of youth and warmer blood." "In reality," this biographer points out, "Lamb was thirty-four; he could scarcely plead youth in extenuation of his conduct." Would she have refuted Falstaff with the same gravity, when he made a similar defence?

A more revealing example is her treatment of the small fantasia on titles of honour—designed for children, as its author told Manning, and running up the scale from "Mr. C. Lamb" to the eighth degree of Duke.

> It would look like quibbling to carry it further . . . otherwise I have sometimes in my dreams imagined myself still advancing; as 9th, King Lamb; 10th, Emperor Lamb; 11th, Pope Innocent; higher than which is nothing but the Lamb of God.

Here Miss Anthony sees that fun is meant. But, she says, the passage "deserves weighing."

> It may be regarded as one of his trivia and dismissed as such. On the other hand, it seems to carry a foundation of seriousness beneath its fooling; a certain unconsciousness of its own humour; a meticulousness of detail not often wasted on a mere joke. . . . One looks in vain for a laugh at the end—a laugh at the idea of little Charlie Lamb, the waiter's son, as the god of the universe.

And she concludes that "Charles may have had paranoid traits intermixed with his basically manic-depressive character." It would really seem that the "naive" Charles was not naive enough for Miss Anthony. At least he was not naive enough to think that Sir C. Lamb, Bart., would have been less remote from deity than Charlie, the waiter's son.

K. JOHN

THE UNIVERSITIES

The Crisis in the University. By Sir WALTER MOBERLY. *S.C.M.* 15*s.*

This frank and courageous book by the Chairman of the University Grants Committee carries through the most searching analysis of the situation and prospects of British Universities that has yet appeared. It is marked throughout by a certain relentlessness that some will find disturbing, others refreshing. Sir Walter does not pull his punches. He explains that though he accepts personal responsibility for what is set down, he is expressing, for the most part, conclusions arrived at in long-continued group-discussions among convinced Christians, themselves, in the main, university teachers. We may not be mistaken, therefore, in taking as the keynote of the book the question that is posed on page 26: "What can Christian insight contribute to enable the university *to be the university?*" (Author's italics).

The search for an answer commits the author to a comprehensive analysis of the situation, moral, intellectual and cultural, in which the university finds itself to-day. This is all the more necessary since, for him, the university is the community's intellectual focus, and he goes so far as to declare that:

> In the assumptions governing syllabus and academic method the universities to-day are, implicitly, if unintentionally, hostile to the Christian faith and even to a liberal humanism.

Here is a hefty punch. To justify it Sir Walter concentrates his critique upon the uncriticized, often unconscious, assumptions which set the direction of thought and action and govern overt beliefs so much more potently than we are apt to realise. Concerning these "sub-articulate egoisms," these unrecognised doctrines, he quotes T. E. Hulme's remark that men "do not see them but other things *through* them."

The call, thus, is for more relentless, more penetrating self-examination. If this is carried through, Sir Walter thinks, we may hope to find, at a deeper level, some common ground where the surface confusions may, in part at least, be resolved. He illustrates the confusion by declaring that at least three unreconciled traditions jostle one another within the modern university, the classical-Christian, the liberal, and the technological-democratic. Confusion and fragmentation are further intensified by the prevailing departmentalism and not helped by the pose of academic "neutrality." He quotes with approval the remark of Professor Dorothy Emmett: "The real problem is that our diverse worlds of thought do not make sense as a coherent unity and probably cannot and will not do so for some time to come." A further result therefore that may be hoped for from a more ruthless, more deeply penetrating self-analysis is the restoring of communication between conflicting schools of thought which now seem to be sniping at one another across a kind of intellectual no-man's-land.

Sir Walter examines and rejects as "spurious remedies" scientific humanism, classical humanism and any cry of "Back to the Christian Tradition." It is in respect of this last, as most readers will feel, that he demonstrates not only his courage but also faithfulness to his own appeal first to contemporary facts and then to an unflinching holding on to intellectual integrity. His answer to any urging that we should restore the dominantly Christian character that the university once had is quite unequivocal. It must be quoted:

> Obviously such a conclusion has a powerful appeal to all genuine Christians. But for the contemporary university as a whole, it is emphatically not the conclusion which we feel able to draw. It embodies a policy which, in present circumstances, we feel bound to reject. First, it is impracticable. Secondly, even if it were practicable, it would be inequitable. Thirdly, even if it were equitable, it

OUTDOOR TOMATO CULTIVATION

by JACK HARDY.

Third impression. Illustrated.
6s. net. Postage 4d.

A book which shows how to get better results.

Requirements for gardens and allotments.

Seed sowing.

Methods and conditions.

Planting.

Pots versus boxes.

Feeding, side-shooting, staking, hoeing, stopping, spraying, etc.

Storing and bottling.

"An admirable little book of instruction."
—THE SPECTATOR.

Quality Press, Ltd., Publishers,
18, Adam St., Adelphi, London, W.C.2.

NOW READY

COLONNADE

by Tom Driberg, M.P.

A panorama of the social scene of the past decade which covers the whole range of Tom Driberg's journalism, from the celebrated William Hickey column in the Daily Express to his later more explicitly political writings.

384 pp. 15s. net

THE PILOT PRESS LTD.
45 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1

Written Expressly for Social Workers

MORRISON & THACKRAY'S
OUTLINES OF LAW FOR SOCIAL WORKERS

"... it will prove of enormous assistance to everyone who is placed in a position where his advice is sought by others ... The book is clearly, almost attractively, written."
The Times Educational Supplement.

Price **10s. 6d.** by post 10d. extra.

BUTTERWORTH & Co. (Publishers), LTD.
Bell Yard, Temple Bar, London, W.C.2.

YOU CAN NOW GET

THE TIMES

EVERY DAY

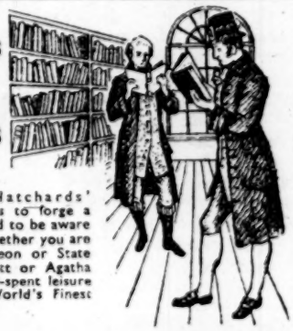
PRICE THREEPENCE

YOU CAN ALSO GET

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
and
THE TIMES EDUCATIONAL SUPPLEMENT
BOTH PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, PRICE THREEPENCE
and
THE TIMES REVIEW OF INDUSTRY
ONE SHILLING MONTHLY

Place an order with your usual bookstall or newsagent and please tell your friends.

152 YEARS OF GOOD BOOKS



To browse round Hatchards' historic bookshop is to forge a link with the past and to be aware of the present. Whether you are interested in Napoleon or State Planning, William Pitt or Agatha Christie, there's well-spent leisure for sale at "The World's Finest Bookshop."

Hatchards
187, PICCADILLY, W.1.
(Regent 3201-4)

Booksellers to Their Majesties The King, The Queen, and to Queen Mary.

DELIRIUM TREMENS AMERICANUM

This is the title of the May Notes of the Month by **R.P.D.**

Also: **Strings to Marshall Aid** by *D. N. Pritt, K.C., M.P.*; **East-West Trade** by *John Barr*; **The Head Rolls Again** by *Ivor Montagu.*

LABOUR MONTHLY
(Founded 1921)

1s. all newsagents. Or 12s. annually (13s. overseas) from NS. 5 No. 134 Ballards Lane, N.3

LABOUR RESEARCH

From 2, Soho Sq., London, W.1. we publish monthly, Labour Research 7/-; Social Service News 6/-; & weekly Fact Service £1 (per year).

The Turn of the Tide for Writers

The Government release of more paper means more space for stories and articles. If you have the urge to make writing a spare-time hobby—to supplement your income or for pleasure—now is your chance!

The London School of Journalism will help you to GET INTO PRINT. You will work with an expert coach who will instruct you *personally* and *individually* by post... show you the ropes, teach you how to shape your work to the right markets, save you time, expense and disappointment. The L.S.J. courses are Short Story, Journalism, Poetry, Radio Plays, English Literature (written by L.A.G. Strong) and English History (written by J. Hampden Jackson). The only School of Journalism under the patronage of leading newspaper proprietors.

REDUCED FEES. Free Book from:

Prospectus Office
LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM
57 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1 Museum 4574

GREATEST INVENTION SINCE THE ALPHABET

Gives the RIGHT wor at a glance

Every man or woman, who uses words, will find this Idea and Word Chart a priceless boon. It's a godsend to all. It Gives the word you want when you want it. It provides brilliant word-power.

Gilbert Frankau says: "... the best adjunct that I have so far discovered—it is not going to leave my desk."

Send 1d. stamp TO-DAY for a specimen of the Idea and Word Chart embodied in a descriptive brochure.

PSYCHOLOGY PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,
(Dept. NSN/HV.26) MARPLE, CHESHIRE.

PEN-IN-HAND BOOKS

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA

by FRÉDÉRIC MASSON

The first translation into English by LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.

From a life-time's study of the Emperor, Frederic Masson wrote this comprehensive and authoritative book. The fascinating Napoleonic legend is here presented with a wealth of detail—the result of penetrating research.

283 *Pages* *Illustrated* 15s. 0d. *net*

11, St. MICHAEL'S St. - - OXFORD

would, from a truly Christian point of view, be disastrous.

So much for the rejected remedies. Sir Walter is somewhat less clear in showing us what his own remedy would be. Perhaps he is hardly to be blamed for this, anxious as he so plainly is to avoid dogmatism and to preserve at all costs intellectual honesty. Besides, who could fail to recognise at such a time the interim character of *any* solution, or that the maladies which afflict the university are endemic in our civilisation itself? Is there much more that we can do at this juncture than follow Sir Walter's advice, and be more relentless in the maintenance of intellectual integrity, letting the results be what they will?

But what of that distinctive "Christian contribution" which, for this author, is so central a concern? In the first place, he urges, with justice, that the Christian interpretation of human existence should not be allowed to go by default as it has tended to do. Further, if it is to be judged, it should be judged not as is so often the case, in the cruder and debased forms, but in its proper form and dimensions. (Sir Walter is alive to the obligation that this imposes upon Christians, as he shows in a striking chapter.)

Then, eschewing all desire to dominate or even to "manipulate," the Christian element in the university might function as a "creative minority," one of several it may be. Further, it may serve as a nucleus around which there may take effect a consolidation of those "Christianised values" which Christians and non-Christians may well hold in common.

Some readers will wish that the author had carried his account of the potential Christian contribution into more detail. He implies rather than states, for instance, its possible effect upon what C. S. Lewis has called "the abolition of Man," the disposition to see Man as wholly a phenomenon of Nature and therefore wholly explicable in terms of science; or its possible impact upon the naive optimism which affects to believe that human goodness will increase at least proportionately to the increase of scientific knowledge.

Again, though Sir Walter sees clearly enough that only a stripped and sinewy Christianity can discharge the role he marks out for it, he has little to say about possible re-statement. He does say in a footnote that "new symbols have to be found and given currency," and he quotes Troeltsch to somewhat similar effect. However, his tendency is to leave this task to the theologians, more of whom, he hopes, will be laymen.

In view of the wealth and wide range of the book it would be ungracious to complain that it indulges in too little speculation as to the future of the university. But how unprecedented the situation is! A complex technological society, hoping and striving to remain free: universal schooling still in its infancy, its possibilities still untested: adult education even less explored and developed: the cast of thought given by science becoming universal and old symbols and archetypes losing their hold upon men's imaginations. Where is the university and what is its role in such conditions? Is not its monopoly of "higher" education going to be more and more challenged? Will it continue to be the chief agency for the training of technicians? And, paradoxical as that may seem, will it enter, as many appear to urge, more and more into the arena and share in the hurly-burly of common men, or will it find that even its social duty is best fulfilled in an atmosphere of somewhat cloistered withdrawal? If we look back over the long record of those whose stern and lifelong intellectual integrity has been of signal service to mankind, we shall not find that, in general, they have been "men of action" in the sense that is so much acclaimed in the world of to-day.

F. CLARKE

Phoenix

GEOFFREY GRIGSON'S *Anthology*

Poetry of the Present

The 'Thirties and After

The most important anthology for years: the reader may well be surprised at the change since he last took up a book of "modern" poetry. 36 poets—from Auden and Day Lewis through MacNeice and Dylan Thomas to many exciting new names. First of all a book of poems to be read and enjoyed. Large cr. 8vo. *10s. 6d. net*

DR. MARY WOODALL'S

Gainsborough

His Life and Work

This is the only "life and work" of Gainsborough available, and the third volume in the *British Painters* Series. A biography of 34,000 words is amplified by fifty-one plates, four in colour. Professor Thomas Bodkin described this series as "an important public service." "Excellent books"—*Country Life*. *16s. net*

JIM PHELAN'S

We Follow the Roads

The book of the tramp in the Jack London—Jim Tully tradition—a delight for every student of human character and every lover of the open road. This is a book about the 20,000 vagabonds of England—not the gypsies or tinkers but the 'padders' and 'postmen', 'shuttlers' and 'cocks of the road'. There are five plates. Large cr. 8vo. *10s. 6d. net*

Published by Phoenix House Limited 38 William IV Street, Charing Cross

These books are obtainable at, or through, your bookseller or library.

CASES

Wisteria Cottage. By ROBERT M. COATES. *Gollancz*. 8s. 6d.

Three Lost Ladies. By HARRIETTE R. CAMPBELL. *Heinemann*. 8s. 6d.

Snare for Witches. By ELINOR CHAMBERLAIN. *Gollancz*. 9s. 6d.

The Lift and the Drop. By G. V. GALWEY. *Bodley Head*. 9s. 6d.

Death of Jezebel. By CHRISTIANNA BRAND. *Bodley Head*. 8s. 6d.

Fall of a Sparrow. By VAL GIELGUD. *Collins*. 8s. 6d.

Eden, Eden. By H. K. FLEMING. *Gollancz*. 8s 6d.

The Queen's Awards—Series Two. Edited by ELLERY QUEEN. *Gollancz*. 10s. 6d.

Great Short Stories of Detection, Mystery and Horror—3rd Series. Edited by DOROTHY L. SAYERS. *Gollancz*. 8s. 6d.

Wisteria Cottage is such a pungent and perturbing crime story that I advise the squeamish to give it a wide berth. If you are not aware of a singularly unpleasant taste in the mouth by the time Mr. Coates has done with you, that will not be his fault. For this study of a persecution mania degenerating slowly into homicidal lunacy is deliberately keyed up by every gruesome device that a cunning style and a merciless fantasy can suggest. The mental state of Richard, the central figure in the tragedy, is so lovingly elaborated that an American critic declares no reader can escape identifying himself with this paranoiac hero. "Isn't everyone pretty crazy in one way or another?" as a young woman remarks, when the situation at Wisteria Cottage has got badly out of hand. With all deference to Mr. Coates, the answer, candidly, is No. Maybe he has been reading up too many case-histories for his peace of mind. Moreover, only a remarkably unobservant American family, such as the book describes, would have failed to notice that Richard was more than "pretty crazy," long before he bought his ice-pick and took to killing. But perhaps these are just comforting thoughts, to compensate for the all-too-vivid experience of life at *Wisteria Cottage* under the shadow of the ice-pick. And in case any disgruntled reader wishes to know what is the use of reading a terrifying book about a fictitious madman, I can suggest one possibility. If any of your friends begins to behave in the least like Richard, *before* he finds out where to buy an ice-pick, send out at once for a good leuchotomist.

Although we are back again on familiar detective ground in *Three Lost Ladies*, we have not quite lost touch with insanity: the heroine is a charming little schizophrenic, whose name is Lydia. One side of her split personality—"Lydge"—is an invalid cripple doing literary research. The other—"Lyddy"—is a mischievous little girl of 13, who is always climbing on to roofs and up trees. When Lydia's aunt falls to her death off a ladder with a faulty rung, one might raise some interest in "Lyddy's" alibi, had Miss Campbell been writing for an intelligent audience. But the plot is a mere vehicle for emotion—and pretty trite emotion at that; and I don't advise anyone to split his personality in order to enjoy it.

Witchcraft and detection do not often blend to advantage. But *Snare for Witches* is exceptional in that the authoress eschews the supernatural, and only invokes sorcery for a legitimate purpose as the proper contemporary cloak for a murderer: for the scene of this historical novel is staged among the Pennsylvanian settlers in the year 1663. The date need cause no alarm. Miss Chamberlain conjures up in convincing style the Puritan society of the period, but we are spared the Puritan jargon; and her narrative is as readable and deceptive as one could wish. Readers must rub up their wizardry if they hope to unmask the criminal for themselves.

The plots of both *The Lift and the Drop* and *Death of Jezebel* are utility stuff suitable for the home market. With a cargo of puppets strapped on the carrier, their framework has just enough solidity to carry the dubious reader wobbling to his destination. Mr. Galwey's murderer cuts a lift-cable and drops the six people aboard the lift to a sticky fate. Which of the victims did he *mean* to kill? Just as we begin to pay attention, the Fascists start creeping out of their holes, and the whole thing deteriorates into a game of smugglers. Ugh!

Jezebel is strangled at a pageant in front of a large audience, with thirteen knights in armour on horseback watching the proceedings. Spectacular! Some of Miss Brand's characters show a flicker of life, but that is the most that can be said. When the mechanics of her murder are ultimately divulged, even Carter Dickson's hair might stand on end.

Mr. Gielgud's thriller takes the conventional line across the Mittel-Europa country. The hero sets off through Germany, Poland, Austria, Switzerland and Jugoslavia to find Hitler, who is wandering loose in spite of his supposed incineration at Berlin. The arrangements for these trips are by now pretty well standardised. Men must die like flies. Women live like spiders. Every other nationality has liberty to disgrace itself, but British pluck and endurance never fail. In *Fall of a Sparrow*, Mr. Gielgud reveals complete mastery of the formula and a delightfully dry narrative style.

Eden, Eden is much more ramshackle and pretentious, ranging from the Yorkshire moors to the bayous of New Orleans in search of excitement without great success. The picaresque misadventures of a vicar, a prize-fighter, a coroner, a maiden lady and Mr. Anthony Eden's hat show a surrealist affinity to Michael Innes in one of his careless raptures such as *The Daffodil Affair*. If this be a "detective" story, as is claimed by the publisher, I am prepared to eat Mr. Anthony Eden's hat.

The Queen's Awards contains the 17 prize-winners in the second annual detective short-story contest, sponsored by Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine. The names of Philip Macdonald, Carter Dickson, Q. Patrick, Michael Innes and Edmund Crispin ensure a high level of professional skill in the competition. But

COMPANY MEETING

JOHN SUMMERS & SONS

RECORD PRODUCTION OF STEEL INGOTS

MR. RICHARD SUMMERS ON NATIONALISATION

The annual general meeting of John Summers and Sons, Ltd., will be held at The Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane, London, W., on May 25.

The following is an extract from the statement by the Chairman, MR. RICHARD F. SUMMERS, which has been circulated with the report and accounts for the year ended December 31, 1948:—

Firstly I will deal with the trading profit, which you will have noticed is down by £178,840 for the group. This is fully explained by the fact that during the year there were substantial rises in production costs entirely outside our control, the main increases being in the cost of coal (an increase of 5s. a ton) and in wages. Another factor contributing to the lower profit was a voluntary reduction of £1 per ton in the selling price of a substantial proportion of our sheet output, which came into force last April.

PRODUCTION

It is now common knowledge that the steel industry exceeded the target set by the Government for 1948 by a very handsome margin. I am pleased to be able to tell you that your company made its full contribution to this achievement, and our production of steel ingots was the highest in the whole history of the company, beating the 1947 figure by approximately 60,000 tons. It is also gratifying that the high rate of ingot production was reflected right through the process, and all our rolling mills were ahead of their last year's production figure. These highly satisfactory results have been brought about by the consistent efforts of all concerned, and by the improvement in the supplies of the raw materials for our furnaces.

In spite of these better production figures we have still been unable to meet all the requirements of our customers, but we have maintained our quality, and our reputation for living up to our promises and distributing our products as fairly as possible remains unimpaired.

EXPORTS

It is still a source of regret to us that we have been unable to export a larger quantity of our products, as we should like to be able to help our old and long-established customers in overseas markets. This matter, however, is entirely outside our control, the quantities of steel for export from this country being decided by the Board of Trade.

There is no falling off in the demand for sheets and light plates, and as far as we can judge at present there is no indication that this state of affairs is likely to alter for some time to come. The uses to which flat steel products are now put are so many and varied that I think it is safe to assume that a high rate of demand for these products will continue for a long time ahead, and even should there be a falling-off in overall demand, the higher quality of both sheet and light plates which the strip mill is capable of producing will always be preferred to the products of the old-fashioned type mills.

DEVELOPMENT

Last year I told you of our proposals for development—that is, the building of an entirely new steel melting shop and the installation of coke ovens and blast furnaces. Both these developments are being pursued as energetically as possible, but unfortunately under present-day conditions such extensions do not proceed with the rapidity that one would like to see. Much of the equipment for the new steelworks is of a highly specialised character, and the sources from which it can be obtained limited. Many orders are, however, in hand; the site preparation is complete, and the erection of the first of the buildings is beginning this month.

NATIONALISATION

Since we met last year the Government have introduced into Parliament the Iron and Steel Bill under which the whole of the assets of your company and its subsidiaries would be taken over by the acquisition by the State of your stock-holdings. I will not weary you with all the arguments that have been raised against the nationalisation of this industry, but I want to make it perfectly clear that in our opinion if this Bill is implemented it will be harmful to the nation and to the industry. Your directors are satisfied that the arguments against the Bill are overwhelming and conclusive, and I hope that the following recapitulation of the history of our company will emphasise this view.

As I have told you before, it was founded by my grandfather nearly 100 years ago on a very humble basis—namely, the manufacture of clog irons in a back room of his house in Stalybridge. Ever since then it has been a story of continuous progress, and early in the present century it was in the proud position of being the largest producer of steel sheets outside the United States. It has an unparalleled record of good will between the management, the staff, and the workpeople. It has had the benefit of the personal supervision of the direct descendants of my grandfather, whose sole object has been to enhance the reputation of the company and to provide a livelihood for a very large number of people.

When it became abundantly clear that the old method of producing sheets must be abandoned, and the new technique developed in America must take its place, those in control of the business did not hesitate to take this far-reaching decision, because they were convinced that it was in the national interest, and in the interest of many thousands of people employed by the company that it should be maintained in the forefront of the steel sheet producers in this country, and must continue to be competitive in world markets. Surely this shows that there was no lack of enterprise, no lack of appreciation of the widest possible national interest. It was fortunate that the decision was taken when it was, just prior to the outbreak of war, and the new plant was able to make such an enormous contribution to that struggle.

A PROUD ACHIEVEMENT

For many years prior to the introduction of protections we were subjected to the dumping of foreign steel into this country at very low prices, but all through that period we were able to maintain employment at a high level and produce our sheets at competitive world prices. This did not just happen; it was due to the fact that the direction of the company was carried out on the spot by people who had spent their whole lives on the job, who were known personally to all those employed by them, and who themselves dealt with all the innumerable details of management and the relations with staff and labour; it was also due to the fact that we were continually improving our technique, and were always ready to plough back profits and keep our plant up to date.

We pride ourselves that we have always kept abreast with the times, and I should like to remind you that when we installed the continuous strip mills in 1939 we had already further plans for carrying on the development and enlargement of the business; it was only the intervention of the war that stopped us from putting these into force earlier. We are satisfied that what we have done has been right from the national point of view; we are satisfied that we have kept pace with all modern developments in providing amenities for our employees, and that our actions have lightened the physical effort required, and have produced a product immeasurably superior to that which could be achieved by the old method.

"CAPABLE OF MANAGING OUR OWN AFFAIRS."

Surely this is a clear indication that we are capable of managing our own affairs. The enormous amount of new plant that we have installed has demonstrated that we could raise the necessary money to carry out these developments, and we know that if it were not for the Steel Bill we could not only obtain all the money required for our present plans, but demonstrate that we could earn a satisfactory return on the outlay. What benefit, therefore, can be achieved by taking away our control and our direction, and superimposing an impersonal authority from Whitehall?

What I have said of our own achievements is in large measure true of the Steel trade as a whole. You will have read about the record outputs that have been achieved recently, and that the industry produced its own plan of development which will cost some £200,000,000, and which was readily accepted by the Government. Clearly it must be better to leave an industry which has contributed so much to the nation, and which has shown such a strong spirit of progress, to be managed and directed by those who have proved that they can do it and who enjoy the confidence of the men and their unions. We have worked under Government supervision so far as prices are concerned since 1933. Since the war we have worked with the Steel Board, set up by the Government to take over the control of prices, and to see that our general policy was in line with the overall requirements of the nation. This system was working well; we had never questioned it, and were prepared for it to continue, to be improved and if thought desirable, to be expanded.

There is much more I could say on this subject, but I hope I have said enough to prove the soundness of our case against the Bill. I can only hope that the disaster may still be averted, and that the splendid work accomplished may continue for the good of all.

A glass of DRY FLY SHERRY is the ideal aperitif, and is a gracious welcome to your guests. Obtainable all over the world from your own Wine Merchant, or from:

FINDLATER MACKIE TODD & CO. LTD.

Wine Merchants to H.M. The King.

Wigmore Street, London, W.1.

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

BEA takes you there

fly DIRECT to STOCKHOLM

from 5th June, London to Stockholm—non-stop—takes only just under 5 hours in a luxurious BEA Viking. You leave Northolt any day at 12.4 p.m., and arrive at 4.55 that evening. Return fare: £48.17.0.

Coming home? You leave Stockholm at 9.15 in the morning and arrive at Northolt at 2.25 p.m. Reservations: principal Travel Agents (no booking fee), local BEA offices or Dorland Hall, 14-20 Regent Street, S.W.1. Telephone: Gerrard 9833.

and brings you back

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS • BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS • BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS • BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

the neatest story, to my mind, is by a newcomer, Harry Kemelman, who figures at the bottom of the prize list.

Great Short Stories of Detection, Mystery and Horror was originally published in 1934, since when most of us have forgotten what we once read. The reprint of this giant omnibus with its 1,069 pages would be well suited for reading in bed, provided that holding a 1 lb. 12 oz. weight in front of one's face is one's idea of repose.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

HOW TO CATCH THEM

The Tax Dodgers. By ELMER L. IREY. *Fireside Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Nemesis, for many American racketeers, has appeared in the form of Mr. Irey and the Intelligence Unit of the U.S. Treasury. The gangsters, swindlers and corrupt politicians may be able to fix local judges, dominate State legislatures, control local police forces; they may kill, rob and rule without fear of the penalties such crimes normally involve. But, failing all else, they may be caught in the end for income tax evasion. That is a Federal offence, and Washington is less amenable to "persuasion" than the State or city authorities within whose jurisdiction most crimes fall. I know of gamblers in Los Angeles, for instance, who religiously pay income tax on earnings from horse-rooms and one-armed bandits. Their rackets are illegal under the local laws, but that worries them less than the fear of investigation by Treasury agents. They know what Mr. Irey and his men did to a long list of tax-dodgers, from Al Capone to Waxie Gordon and a host of lesser men, some of whose stories are told in this book.

These dossiers make a fascinating collection, which casts a good deal of light upon odd methods of law enforcement and upon some of the more shady reaches of American politics. It suffers, in part, from the way it is written. Mr. Irey's "ghost" is slipshod and given to flamboyant verbosity. People are found "extremely dead as a result of an unaccountable number of bullet wounds"; an agent fastens "two of the coldest eyes this side of Fulton Fish Market on his prey"; and we are told of the "soft sound of clairvoyant mammals abandoning ship." In short, many of these chapters read like extracts from a series run by a circulation-hungry Sunday paper. This is a pity, because much of the material they contain is as important as it is interesting.

I am a little sceptical of some of the assertions that Mr. Slocum, the "ghost," and Mr. Irey seem to accept as dogmatic truths. They repeat, for example, the legend that Huey Long was killed by a .45 bullet while his assassin carried a .22 pistol. This is not, as they imply, an unchallenged fact. I checked this story myself and, though it may be true, I found nothing or no one in Lousiana to substantiate it. Similarly, Mr. Irey claims that Bruno Hauptmann was conclusively proved to have kidnapped and murdered the Lindbergh baby. The evidence he gives seems pretty convincing, but there is another side to that story of which no hint at all is given in the book. On the whole, however, there is no doubt that the facts here retailed are accurate and, if the reader is patient with the style of the book, it makes rewarding reading.

Two things stand out clearly. The first is the painstaking ability of the Treasury agents, who are usually required to secure evidence of the most elusive kind. It is not an easy or pleasant task to insinuate oneself into Capone's gang, or to spend months checking through bank files, or to find witnesses ready to testify to grafting or immoral earnings by politicians who can ruin them or gangsters who can liquidate them. Yet the record shows that time and again Mr. Irey and his agents dug out the facts and sent their quarry to the penitentiary. Secondly, this book underlines the old lesson that Lincoln Steffens first taught: crime and corrupt politics make an unholy partnership, destroying both law and order and putting the people at the mercy of racketeers against whom virtually no redress is possible. In substance, what was true of Cook County, Illinois, was true of New York. Huey Long, in Lousiana, and Tom Pendergast, in Kansas City, do not differ substantially. The Louisiana Kingfish merely bossed and grafted on a larger scale. Nucky Johnson, the Republican boss of Atlantic City, went to jail in the same way as the Democrat Curley, Mayor of Boston. Some unions, or parts of them, are still controlled by gangsters and racketeers like Willie Bioff, who ran the stagehands organisation and held the movie world up to ransom.

The old game goes on, and Federal agencies such as Mr. Irey's unit are still the most effective tools for checking it. Corruption, vice and crooked politics may not flourish so openly as they did under Prohibition, but they still flourish. Governor Green of Illinois was defeated last November. One reason was the sensational exposure of his administration by the *St. Louis Post-Despatch*. Many American citizens would like to know more about the role played by Mr. Costello, the gambling boss, in the politics of New York's Democratic machine. The vote is a weapon against all this, but it is not omnipotent. The fight for clean politics in America is a long one that is by no means over. But Mr. Irey supplies the details of some of its important battles.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

BORING BULLFIGHTERS

Granada Window. By MARGUERITE STEEN. *Falcon Press.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Italians have a long and affectionate experience of "*La Miss inglesa*"—the adventurous and unmarried Englishwoman who settles in some remote village of their country and makes it her home, not stirring for revolutions or wars. *La Miss inglesa* wears English clothes, keeps an English garden, and in twenty or thirty years may learn no more than a few words of Italian. Though she lives among the peasants and includes them all in her love, she never throws away the hard core of her own national identity. I wish that Miss Steen had remembered the importance of this before writing *Granada Window*.

The writer who takes a foreign country as his or her subject cannot afford to be pickled in its juices. If he does, he becomes merely another of that country's products, and is disqualified as an observer and interpreter. From somewhere inside the jar he may be signalling that he is having a wonderful and exclusive time. The reader doesn't get that, he gets only the gurgles of auto-intoxication, rather like those of "Bluey Raisin" (in a *New Yorker* story) who went on and on describing the wonders of the cake he was going to be a part of until a sultana coldly said: "You're drunk, Bluey Raisin, that's what's the matter with you!" I am afraid that something rather like this is what has happened to Miss Steen. She describes, in early pages, the voluptuous pleasure of getting rid of her northern moral self, as the power of the Andalusian landscape takes possession of her.

> . . . one is so limp, so quiescent, so out of it all! A bit of seaweed, mindless, emotionless, rocking on an Iberian tide; an idiot, wandering inoffensively among people whose protective instinct is roused by her untroublesome behaviour. With what patience they watch over one . . .

And one never afterwards feels, despite flashes of penetration, that she has sobered up.

It might matter less if her subject were any other but Spain. The Spanish spirit, like Spanish wines, is stronger than that of most countries—stronger in being more resistant, hostile and impermeable. It is necessary to oppose to it an equal resistance and grit; not to pour oneself like a jelly into the hard mould and be content to set there. The reporter in Spain should first make sure that he has all his stamina about him, that he is in good moral shape, spare and hard, and able to hate in order to understand. He should not think that "Sancho Panza himself will wake you with a courteous greeting" if you fall asleep in an olive grove, but that the flies will. Nor delude himself, as Miss Steen deludes herself, that the Andalusian is "horrifyingly adult" because of his indifference to reform; this is an irresponsible and childish trait in the Andalusian character. Nor should an English writer indulge herself with high-strung rhapsodies about the "rendezvous with death" and the "moment of truth" in the bull-ring, without dealing at any point with the objections to bullfighting which most English people feel. In fact, Spain cannot be illuminated by feeling and sensation alone. The eye of character is also needed, of a foreign and in part hostile character, sticking to its own standards and ideals—the eye of a George Borrow.

Without these controls, Hispanophilia is a disease. Miss Steen's writing shows some of its more acute symptoms. There is first that blindfolded provincialism, to which addicts of Spain are prone, in which every trait one encounters—courage, adoration of children, devotion of one's dependants, skill in cooking vegetables—begin to appear as exclusively Spanish. Then there's the too-knowing familiarity with one's subject, first noticed in the incessant use of italicised Spanish words. "The bull is very heavy, stubborn, and will not put his feet together." "We've had nothing but a few *novilladas* all the summer." And what fun Miss Steen has with the excesses of Spanish politics, inviting us to giggle with her at the sillinesses of "the Reds" in Granada, knocking clean out (with what D. H. Lawrence called the "awful hammer of female humour") the ludicrous pretensions of her "little friend, the bomb manufacturer in the Calle de Goméres"—one of whose bombs, "intended to do great damage to capitalist property,"

> rolls off the balcony one day, blows a little hole in the pavement, and slightly damages the facade of Messrs. Cooks Wagons-Lits.

But worst of all is the parade of unconventionality, the pose of one who out-Spaniards the Spanish. Miss Steen is on the inside, she knows all the "not polite" taverns, she will have none of it when her servants ("my conventional little

University Correspondence College *(Founded 1887)*

COURSES OF STUDY

U.C.C. prepares students for London Univ. Matriculation, Special Entrance, and higher examinations leading to a Degree (open to all without residence); also for School and Higher School Certificates (Oxford, Cambridge, Northern Univ. and others), Teachers' Diplomas, Civil Service, Local Government. The College is an Educational Trust, not primarily conducted as a profit-making concern. Fees are moderate and may be paid by instalments if desired.

More than **18,000** *U.C.C. students PASSED London University examinations during the years 1930-1948.*

PROSPECTUS post free from the Registrar,
70 Burlington House, Cambridge

CURRENT AFFAIRS
FORTNIGHTLY

OUT NOW
Economic Prospects in Eastern Europe
by Kenneth Syers

OUT 14th MAY
Films in Focus *by Richard Auty*

15/- annually, post free, or 9d. per copy.
From The Bureau of Current Affairs,
117 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Company Meeting

THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED

ONE HUNDREDTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Sir George Lewis Barstow, K.C.B., Chairman of the Company, presiding, in the course of his remarks said:

By an ironical coincidence the Prudential's One-Hundredth Annual Report was published on the same day as the Labour Party's Manifesto advocating the nationalisation of the whole of the activities of this and of all other offices transacting industrial assurance business. Every word and figure in the Prudential's Report bespeak a sense of responsibility and of promises faithfully kept and to be kept. How great a contrast to the nationalisation proposal!

In the Industrial branch experience proves that the frequent collection of premiums at the homes of policyholders is an essential part of the service.

A tour of the day's round with an agent would be a highly illuminating experience for most peope. He is greeted as the friend he is, by people who are fully aware of what his visits mean, who measure the premiums he collects against the claims which they see him paying to their neighbours. Prudential agents have probably been calling in that street for generations and the welcome they receive has not diminished. The service the agent offers does not finish with insurance. With his knowledge of business and his contacts with many people, his common-sense advice is sought on all manner of problems. The country owes a great and seldom acknowledged debt to the industrial assurance agent for those services, so often rendered to people bewildered by the complexities of officialdom but grateful for help from one who is neither official nor officious.

The beneficial influence on the national economy of the people's life assurance savings is not generally realised. Whereas the total of other forms of personal saving is one of the most unstable and volatile elements in the economy, life assurance savings are among the most stable, because of the long-term nature of the contracts. The economy of a modern state demands a high and sustained level of capital expenditure in order to construct and maintain in repair the factories, ships, roads and public utilities on which its high productivity and standard of living depend. This capital expenditure can be supported only by a high level of saving.

With these comments on our Company in mind, I want you now to consider the Nationalisation proposals contained in the Labour Party's Memorandum.

Voluntary insurance does more than meet the needs of individuals to provide against the risks of death, fire and accident. Because of its fine reputation, to which I have already referred, its life business is the most stable form of thrift and its other business earns an important volume of overseas currencies. Voluntary insurance is so vital to the nation, so sound and yet so sensitive to public opinion both here and overseas that it is surprising to find it treated so irresponsibly. It is the more surprising since the value of voluntary insurance seems to have been recognised by Sir Stafford Cripps and by other members of the Government. Sir Stafford's actual words in the House of Commons in 1945, repeated elsewhere in 1947, were:

> "It would perhaps be proper in this connection to inform the House of the attitude of the Government towards the future of British insurance business. The Government have no intention of interfering with the transaction of insurance business by private enterprise save to the limited extent to which insurance at home may be affected by the existing proposals relating to personal social insurance and industrial injuries. It is the desire of the Government that insurance should be in the future as in the past dealt with on an international basis and as business of an international character."

And now, even whilst the Chancellor of the Exchequer enjoins upon us all the greatest possible measure of thrift: even whilst the President of the Board of Trade announces that all possible steps must be taken to increase our dollar earning capacity, this nationalisation proposal is made—a proposal which, if implemented, would jeopardize those national assets of thrift and overseas earnings.

It is claimed that policyholders will be more secure. In practice, policyholders are already completely secure. We could ourselves increase the nominal security by investing the whole instead of about one-half of the funds in British Government securities but only at the cost of a great loss of interest and a corresponding increase in premiums or decline in bonuses. Policyholders would not be grateful for this substituted security.

The statement that "no policyholders willl suffer," followed by a reference to guaranteeing existing policies, is vague and no doubt purposely so. The vast majority of both ordinary and industrial life assurance policyholders participate in profits in the form of bonuses. How could the State guarantee that future bonuses would not be less than those that would have been received under private enterprise? Even supposing that the State guaranteed future bonuses at the rates obtaining at the time the business is taken over, it cannot be certain that the offices, were they left to carry on the business, would not be in a position to declare higher bonuses as the years go by. Competition ensures that bonuses are as high as is compatible with security to policyholders.

I sincerely hope that neither policyholders nor our staff will be deluded by these promises with which the Labour Party proposal is generous. Electoral pledges of this kind can simply not be relied upon: they will take a very different form if ever they appear in a Bill before Parliament. Moreover, even as they stand, these promises cannot be reconciled. It is not possible at one and the same time to give better conditions to the staff, thereby increasing expenses: to give greater nominal security, thereby eliminating part of the interest the offices earn on their funds: and to give better terms to policyholders.

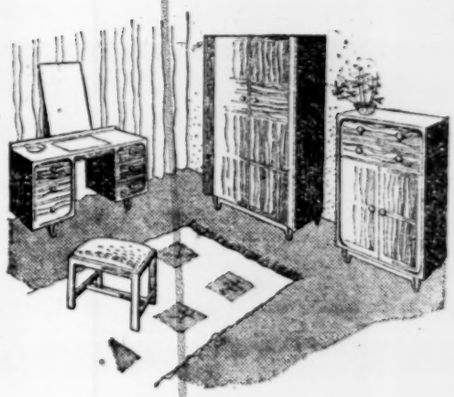
In no way do we seek to use the funds which we hold in trust for our policyholders to gain power or to interfere with industry. We seek always to avoid a controlling interest in any other concern. Our investments in new issues can hardly be criticised as the Government already exercises control through the Capital Issues Committee.

I repeat that we invest only in the policyholders' interest. A nationalised insurance board would, on the other hand, have to act at the dictation of the Government. Investments might well be made not in the policyholders' interest but in the interests of the political aims of the Government of the day without due consideration of the economic soundness of the projects. Might not the funds of the policyholders be invested in speculative projects dear to the hearts of influential Ministers or used to buttress a cheap money policy?

The Directors would, in those circumstances, also feel bound to reconsider the matter of the limitation of dividends to which they so recently gave effect. In that connection, it must not be overlooked, either by our shareholders or by anyone else, that limitation of dividends took, in our case, an exceptional form owing to the rigidity of our Articles. It would be unwise to come to a decision on this matter now, but I repeat the assurance to shareholders that it shall have reconsideration after the Labour Party's Whitsun Conference if the nationalisation threat should then be confirmed.

I am convinced that an overwhelming majority of the holders of industrial life policies, ordinary life policies, fire and accident policies would not approve of the nationalisation of the insurance industry or of a first step in that direction by nationalising certain sections of it. If the nationalisation proposal contained in the Labour Party's document be approved at their Whitsun conference, and if the project could then be put to policyholders to vote on as a separate issue there is no doubt that it would be decisively rejected.

It is my belief that the nationalisation of voluntary insurance is an encroachment by the State on the freedom of the individual and on the legitimate sphere of private enterprise. The entry of the State into such a personal matter as voluntary insurance, whose fibres run through the whole of the national economy, means, in my opinion, that the State would find itself inextricably entangled in matters which are not its concern—a situation, of which the public, nearly all of whom are policyholders, would not approve.



A NEW BEDROOM SUITE

designed by Christopher Heal, M.S.I.A.

Three pieces — wardrobe, dressing table and cupboard chest — in Australian walnut *(Free of Purchase Tax)* . . £70.6.9

(Also to be had in waxed polished mahogany, weathered oak, or in stained oak with unstained contrasting panels of natural oak . . . . . £69 . 9 . 3)

Dressing stool covered in tapestry . . £6.9.3

This example is taken from the large selection of well designed modern furniture to be seen at

HEAL & SON

HEAL & SON LTD. 196 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.1

Smoke

Wavy Navy

Pure Navy Cut of Pre-war quality

2 OZ. AIRTIGHT TIN 8/10

1 OZ. FOILED PACKET 4/5

Also ready rubbed

GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD., MANUFACTURERS AND GUARANTORS

Many of the services supplied by the Westminster Bank cost the user little or nothing. Yet all of them help, in one way or another, to make life a little easier. Ask the Manager of your local branch about Travellers' Cheques, Bankers' Orders, and the Joint Account

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED

Interested in FILM?
Then join a Film Society.
Write for the address of your nearest to the
BRITISH FILM INSTITUTE
164 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.C.2.

READ
HEALTH THROUGH
HOMŒOPATHY
6d. MONTHLY—7/- per Annum POST FREE.
THE BRITISH HOMŒOPATHIC ASSOCIATION,
43 RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1

Now on Sale
Universities Quarterly
Vol. 3, No. 3 May–July, 1949
104 Pages Five Shillings
PRINCIPAL CONTENTS
GENERAL SCIENCE IN EDUCATION
Sherwood Taylor
SPECIALIZATION AND GENERAL EDUCATION IN THE SIXTH FORM
Dr. Eric James
PROFICIENCY IN LANGUAGES
Professor P. Mansell Jones
UNIVERSITY DEPARTMENTS OF EDUCATION
Professor I. L. Kandel
Reviews of current books
POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION:
One Pound (£4.50) a year to any address, from the Publishers,
Universities Quarterly
10, GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1

Rosario") try to dissuade her from going up to the poor quarters of Granada at night to hobnob with interesting disreputable friends. But one day an English girl comes to stay with her, in her villa on the Alhambra, and shows alarming signs of independence. She has read Miss Steen's novels, and she would like to be Spanish, too. In particular, she would like to meet a bullfighter. Her hostess is horrified. *"Oh Verena! Bullfighters are so boring!"* She "reflects uncomfortably upon her (Verena's) father, the bishop, upon her aunt-in-waiting, upon her brothers in the smarter regiments, and her innumerable county connections."

Yes, the pose crumples at a touch, as such frail transplantings must. It is a pity that Miss Steen thus disqualifies herself, for she had the experience and the intelligence to have written a good book about Spain. But she allowed the grit of *la Miss inglesa* to dissolve in the Spanish mould. And she has paid the price even in her descriptions of scenes, so rank and sensuous with detail that, in the end, the Alhambra might just as well be the Crystal Palace. The fundamental fault of perspective has caused every talent to go to waste, like a monstrous banana tree run to seed. The impression which remains is one of unbearable vulgarity. GILES ROMILLY

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Beecham Jubilee Issue. MOZART: *Divertimento No.* 2 in D major, K131 and *Menuetto and Trio* from No. 15 in B flat major, K287 (DB 6649-51); HAYDN: Symphony No. 40 in F major (DB 6823-4); HANDEL: *Overture* and *Pastoral Symphony*—"The Messiah" (DB 6879); STRAUSS: *Don Quixote* (Tortelier/RPO/Beecham. DB 6796-800). When asked: "What record of Beecham's, in your opinion, represents him at his very best?" I have hitherto found it hard to say. Now my problem is solved. I shall reply, unhesitatingly: "The Mozart *Divertimento* and/or the Haydn Symphony made in celebration of Sir Thomas's seventieth birthday." The man of genius who startled England, before 1914, with his fiery, romantic conducting of the operas of Wagner, Strauss, and the Russians, has become a classicist with the years—as great artists so often do. Not that he has ever lost his power to control the mischievous elements of romantic or "programme" music: Sir Thomas is still the ideal exponent of Delius and Strauss. But it is the most difficult feats which yield the supreme triumphs of technical refinement. The world is full of conductors who give "powerful" readings of the Viennese classics by dint of all manner of baroque exaggeration. That is no longer the Beecham way. Through minute shades of tempo and dynamics this great conductor brims every phrase with warmth and life, while containing the whole within a line that is delicate and unbroken as that of a silverpoint drawing. In the *Divertimento* Sir Thomas suppresses the first of the two Minuets in favour of one from another *Divertimento*, and inverts their order. The form is of course a loose one, and the substitution is objectionable only because of the sudden jump from D major to B flat major—a farther cry than is vouched for by classical practice. Having registered a slight protest, we can proceed to enjoy the usurping movement, which is in itself most attractive. Those who know chiefly the Haydn of the later symphonies will be astonished by the mature beauty of No. 40. I have nothing but praise for the recording of these two sets. The excerpts from *The Messiah*, though no less alertly conducted, are distinctly less well recorded. With *Don Quixote* we are back in the front rank of recording—except for the cymbals, which sound as if they were somewhere among the violins; the pianissimo clashes are particularly disturbing. The two final chords, being scored for wind and brass (with strings pizzicato), never sound pianissimo (as they are marked), even in the concert hall; but their effect in this set suggests that the present mania for "close-up" recording needs modification. In most respects this is a wonderful issue, with a most aristocratic and moving performance by Paul Tortelier, as the melancholy knight, and orchestral playing of great depth and brilliance. Now that the sheep and the wind-machine no longer frighten us, *Don Quixote* emerges as the greatest of Strauss's tone poems, for it is by far the richest in human feeling. (I have considered this set here for convenience sake, though it does not properly belong to the Jubilee issue.)

Concerto. BRAHMS: Piano Concerto No. 1 in D minor (Serkin/Pittsburgh SO/Reiner. LX-1162-7). A villainously bad set. The performance—both solo and orchestral—one guesses to have been splendid; but the recording is flimsy and acid to a degree, with hardly a moment of true tone and no depth whatever. Readers are recommended to adhere to the Backhaus set (HMV), which, in spite of its age, still conveys the essential qualities of this athletic concerto.

Miscellaneous Orchestral. DEBUSSY: *La Mer* (Suisse Romande/Ansermet. AK 1606-8). His performance here reminds me of Ansermet's conduct of Ravel's *La Valse*, a record which seems to have upset some critics by its primness. In my view his gingerly touch in French music is preferable to the 200 per cent. renderings of some trans-Atlantic conductors. In any case, Koussevitzky's recording of *La Mer* no longer seems as glittering as it did, and although side 1 of the new set is rather dim and cloudy, the recording is on the whole good. The turn-over from side 1 to 2 is idiotically inept. LISZT: *Mephisto Waltz* No. 3 (Cave Scene from "Apparitions") (Philharmonia/Lambert. DX-1560). Adroitly orchestrated by Gordon Jacob, this is a most exciting piece and the recording is outstandingly spacious. Admirable definition in a wide dynamic range. We ought to be given the whole of "Apparitions" on disc, for its musical value is far higher than that of most ballets. WAGNER: *The Flying Dutchman*—Overture, and *Lohengrin*—Prelude to Act III (Philharmonia/Kletzki. LX1160-1). Kletzki controls the tempest with his usual skill, but the recording is somewhat inferior to the recent Decca one (La Scala/Van Kempen). However, the latter is inseparably coupled with the *Tannhäuser* Overture on three discs—a tiresome arrangement. The *Lohengrin* Prelude is given a very spirited performance and the recording is less cramped than that of *The Flying Dutchman*.

Chamber Music and Piano. WOLF: *Italian Serenade* (Schneiderhan Quartet, LX1168). It is obvious that the Schneiderhan Quartet are a most excellent ensemble; but their playing of this delightful movement is too forceful for my liking. On the other hand, the Budapest Quartet record the piece at an impossible speed, which deprives it of its carefree lilt. Best of all, to my mind, is the orchestral version (Col), which has a greater range of colour and is beautifully played and recorded. HANDEL: *Violin Sonata No.* 4 *in D major* (Goldberg/Moore, R20568-9). A noble rendering of a noble work, which makes one wonder whether Handel is not an even greater melodist than Bach. The violin tone is a little sour, but the balance is good. BEETHOVEN: *Piano Sonata in C major*, Op 2, No. 3 (Solomon, C3847-9). Exemplary in style and very comfortably recorded. MILHAUD: *Scaramouche*—Suite for Two Pianos, and BENJAMIN: *Two Jamaican Street Songs* (Cyril Smith/Phyllis Sellick, DX1554-5). I have not heard two pianos play together in such marital accord since Vronsky and Babin recorded Rachmaninoff's Second Suite some years before the war. *Scaramouche* is excellent light music—crisp, tuneful and rhythmically ingenious. The pianists' pedalling (a very important feature of duet playing) is worth special attention. The recording is—rightly, in the circumstances—on the dry side, but this does not seriously impair the tone in cantabile passages. We must hope for many more recordings from this admirable duo. Chopin's *Rondo in C*, Schumann's *Andante and*

Company Meetings

PEARL ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED

THE annual general meeting of the Pearl Assurance Company Ltd., will be held on the 26th May at the registered offices, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

The following is an extract from the statement of Mr. G. R. L. Tilley, M.A., F.C.I.S. (Chairman), circulated with the report and accounts:—

NATIONALISATION

This statement has been prepared and will be read under the shadow of the threat to nationalise the Industrial Life Offices contained in the recent statement on policy issued by the Labour Party Executive. The Labour Party Executive does not rest its case on criticisms, which it knows quite well are out of date.

The case as stated is simply that the proposal to convert industrial life assurance into a public service is the only major recommendation of the Beveridge Report that has not yet been carried out. Lord Beveridge could, of course, have been wrong, but the Labour Executive has forgotten that this recommendation was only a bracketed (i.e., not essential) proposal designed by him to facilitate the inclusion of a death grant in the National Insurance Scheme and the abolition of the Approved Societies. These two proposals have already been implemented without nationalising the Industrial Life Offices and so the case based on the Beveridge Report falls to the ground.

What, then, is the real basis for the proposal? In our belief it is based on a desire to oust the Industrial Life Offices from the place that they have earned in the lives and regard of the people of this Country. We also believe that there is a desire to control the investments of voluntary insurance for ends which may well be inconsistent with that proper regard for the best interests of the policy holders.

What the intentions are regarding the Pearl Overseas business is not clear. Nor is it clear what the phrase "the State shall guarantee and accept complete responsibility for all existing policies" means in relation to future bonuses. This, however, is clear—the proposals are irresponsible and reckless of the effect on a major national asset whose very success depends on complete confidence in the integrity and security of the Companies over the long term of years for which life assurance policies are effected.

There is still time for the Party Conference to take a realistic view of the subject by rejecting the proposal outright.

LIFE ASSURANCE AND PERSONAL SAVINGS

The working of the two Life Branches needs to be considered against the background of the economic conditions of the country. In a year when the net figures of the National Savings movement have almost reached vanishing point, the growth in personal savings secured by the life assurance offices represents a notable achievement.

The contributions from life assurance of approximately £125 millions formed a substantial part of the personal savings in this country in 1948. The part played by the Pearl in accumulating savings and providing protection is indicated by the fact that the total funds of the two Life Branches amount to over £160 millions, and that the total sums assured, including bonuses, in the two Life Branches now exceed £400 millions.

BONUSES TO POLICYHOLDERS

The rate of bonus declared in the Ordinary Branch on this occasion is at the increased rate of £1 4s. 0d. on each £100 sum assured on policies in the Pearl Fund entitled to participate in full profits.

In the Industrial Branch bonuses on the same system and at the same rates as for 1947 have been declared. In addition, provision has been made for a first step in a scheme of cessation of premium payments under whole life assurances when the life assured has reached an advanced age. The amount allocated to policyholders on this occasion is £1,374,370, compared with £1,032,745 for 1947. It is legitimate to question whether such results would be secured for policy holders under State ownership.

ORDINARY BRANCH

The new sums assured amounted to £15,772,159, the second largest total in the history of the Company. This new business consists mostly of medium and long term endowment assurances, effected mainly under the with-profit tables.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH

In any system of voluntary payments there must always be some people who will cease making payment. It is quite wrong to classify arbitrarily all cases of cessation of premium payments under the general heading of "lapses." All the Company's Industrial policies are entitled to a free policy, or in some cases to a cash surrender value, if premium payments cease after at least one year's premiums have been paid, and there seems to be no other reasonable way of dealing with this feature of voluntary life assurance, whether it be controlled by public companies or by the State. In 1948 our lapses, that is to say the policies discontinued with less than one year's premiums paid, represented substantially less than 1 per cent of the total number of premium-paying policies in force.

The expense ratio for 1948 of 22.38 per cent may be compared with the corresponding figures of 23.86 per cent for 1947.

FIRE AND ACCIDENT BRANCH

Our business in this branch continued to expand during the year, and active development is proceeding at home and overseas.

Throughout the world the immediate post-war years have been marked by difficulties in the operations of Fire and Accident business, but in 1948 there have been many signs of more stable conditions developing. In the U.S.A., for example, the rise in values flattened out towards the end of the year, and this, coupled with the revisions effected in premium rates, has put the business on a more favourable basis. Our own operations in this territory have shown a substantial improvement during the year.

INVESTMENTS

The gross interest yields in the Ordinary and Industrial Branches were £4 8s. 10d. per cent and £4 6s. 1d. per cent respectively, which represent slight falls compared with the previous year. These falls are largely accounted for by the replacement of securities in nationalised industries by Government securities giving a lower return. The usual valuation of the Company's Stock Exchange investments made as at the year-end shows a substantial margin over and above balance sheet values, leaving the Investments Reserve Funds intact.

SURPLUS AND PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

The total surpluses in the life funds disclosed by the valuation, including £1,204,981 brought forward, amount to £4,444,047.

These have been allocated by the directors as follows: To Policy holders, £2,273,249; to Profit and Loss Account, £599,875; leaving £1,570,923 to be carried forward.

CABLE & WIRELESS (HOLDING)

The Twentieth Annual General Meeting of Cable and Wireless (Holding) Limited was held in London on 29th April.

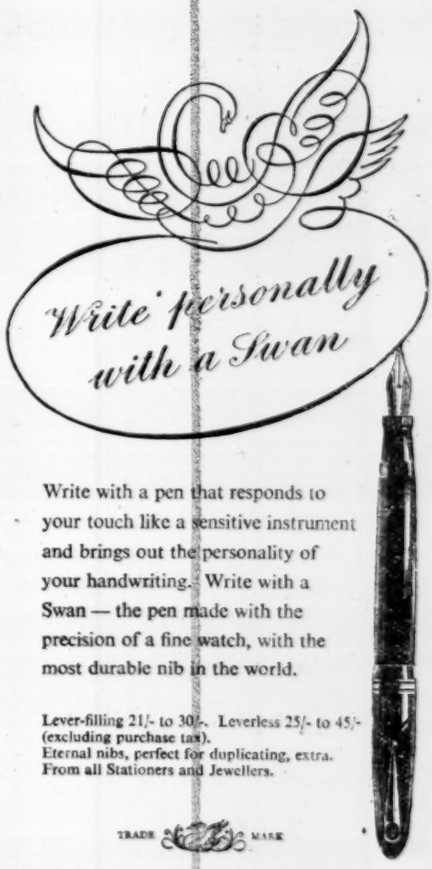
Sir Edward Wilshaw, K.C.M.G. (The Governor), after referring to the recent death of Admiral H. W. Grant, C.B., and the great loss sustained by the Companies which he had served for over 30 years, said: "I think we may congratulate ourselves that at the end of a year of adverse conditions our investment income has increased by £60,000; our realised profit on sale of investments amounts to £355,000. The value of our Quoted Securities shows an appreciation of £450,000, whilst the Unquoted Securities are over £1,000,000 more than the book value. Added to these we have received £32,195,000 for the shares in the Operating Company which had a book value of £25,128,500 and interest amounting to £2,087,823 gross. We have already sold over £10,000,000 of the Compensation Stock at a profit.

"As regards the Compensation Award, I desire to record our appreciation of the efforts of all those who were concerned in preparing and presenting the Companies Case before the Tribunal. This embraces the eminent Counsel, the Solicitors and the Managing Directors, Officials and Staff of the Company."

The report was adopted.

The Governor then said: "As to the future, your Directors are giving their closest attention to the involved and very complicated situation, which raises a number of legal points on which we are, and have been, seeking legal and professional advice. They are preparing a balanced scheme of reconstruction which has regard to the various classes of shareholders. In the meantime speculation in the shares is to be deprecated.

"They are of opinion that a total winding up would not be in the best interests of the stockholders, for, apart from other reasons, with so large a portfolio, including a proportion of securities which would not speedily be realised, the process of disposing of these securities would be very prolonged and have a tendency to put market prices down. Your Directors, however, consider that it would be in the best interests of the stockholders to distribute a substantial portion of the compensation."



Write with a pen that responds to your touch like a sensitive instrument and brings out the personality of your handwriting. Write with a Swan — the pen made with the precision of a fine watch, with the most durable nib in the world.

Lever-filling 21/- to 30/-. Leverless 25/- to 45/- (excluding purchase tax).
Eternal nibs, perfect for duplicating, extra.
From all Stationers and Jewellers.

TRADE MARK

(*Administration only*).
MABIE, TODD & CO. LTD. 41 PARK STREET, LONDON, W.1.
Service Depots & Showrooms: 110 New Bond Street, London, W.1, 53 Cheapside, London, W.C.2, and 3 Exchange Street, Manchester, 2.

DOLOMITES

RELAX IN THE SUN!

Spend your holiday this summer amidst the majestic mountains, picturesque villages and verdant sun-drenched valleys of the Dolomites.

Luxury hotels, abundant good food, comfortable travel; everything arranged for your comfort and enjoyment.

14 days London-back-to-London (leaves Sunday mornings) **32 gns. to 38 gns.** inclusive.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY for details of Dolomite Holidays

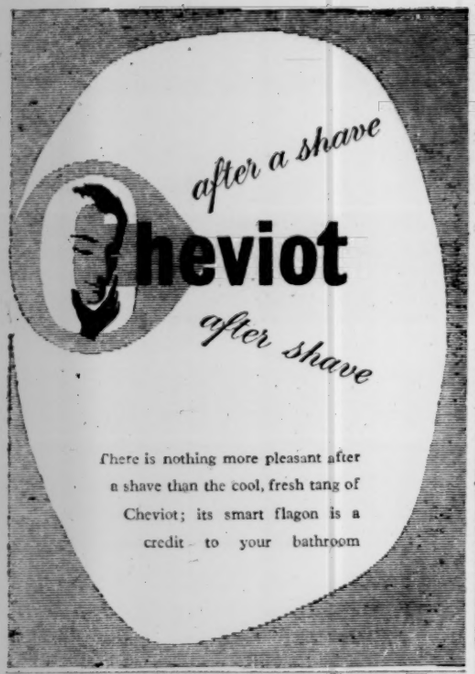
To DOLOMITE TRAVEL
90 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Please Print Name and Address in Capitals


after a shave
Cheviot
after shave
There is nothing more pleasant after a shave than the cool, fresh tang of Cheviot; its smart flagon is a credit to your bathroom

APOLLO

The Magazine of the Arts for Connoisseurs and Collectors. Published the first week of each month at 3/-.

Contents for May.—Danish Silver, Wedgwood Medallions, Portugese Filligree, Japanese Colour Prints, Pewter, Early Cut Wine Glasses, East Anglian Oak Furniture, Miniatures, Sculpture, Provincial and London Art Exhibitions and Sale Room Notes and Prices. Collectors' problems answered. Profusely illustrated. The Annual Subscription Rate is £2.2.0 a year. On order from all bookstalls and newsagents, or direct from the Publisher.

APOLLO MAGAZINE
10 Vigo Street, Regent Street
London, W.1. *Mayfair* 3021

ZILLIACUS
A New Pamphlet
DRAGON'S TEETH
The background, content and consequences of the North Atlantic Pact.
1/-
1s. 2d. post free from
COLLET'S
35, Deansgate, Manchester

DORNOCH HOTEL
SUTHERLAND
RE-OPENS 2nd JUNE
A holiday hotel on the Sunshine coast North of Inverness. Enquiries for accommodation will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.
THE HOTELS EXECUTIVE, BRITISH TRANSPORT LONDON N.W.1

Variations, Debussy's *En Blanc et Noir*, are specially indicated.

Vocal. WAGNER: *The Flying Dutchman*—"Die Frist ist um" (Joel Berglund/Orch./Blech, DB6378). With the obvious exception of the Prelude to *Lohengrin*, this magnificent scena has some claim to be considered Wagner's finest flight before *Das Rheingold*. Joel Berglund has just the voice for it—powerful, dramatic, and of beautiful quality. Unfortunately, the recording is very poor. The orchestra is too far in the background and the vocal part has an edge like a rusty knife. MASSENET: *Werther*—"Pourquoi me réveiller?" and *Manon*—"En fermant les yeux" (Tagliavini/Orch./Morel, DB6854). In my copy of this disc something is evidently wrong with the pressing of the *Werther* side; no record could wittingly have been sent out sounding as horrible as this. In the "Dream" of Des Grieux the recording is unobjectionable; but Tagliavini, although his notes are lovely, sings without any feeling, and the accompaniment is most insensitively played. The best record of this touching aria is Björling's (H.M.V.). BELLINI: *Norma*—"Casta Diva," and VERDI: *Il Trovatore*—"D'amor sull' ali rosee" (Zinka Milanov/Orch./Weissmann, DB6877). Zinka Milanov is evidently a soprano in the great tradition; her delivery of the recitative to "Casta Diva" is startlingly grand. But, although she can manage a real trill, her coloratura leaves a good deal to be desired, and she omits the *cabaletta*. In "D'amor sull' ali rosse" she gives an exhibition of really fine singing. In spite of the mentioned defect, I strongly advise readers not to miss this record, which is very well engineered. HANDEL: *Judas Maccabaeus*—"From Mighty Kings" (Isobel Baillie/L.S.O./Sargent, DX1559). Miss Baillie gives an entirely praiseworthy performance in this inspiriting aria. Her technical mastery of the "divisions" (unusually difficult ones) is most impressive. The recording is adequate, but the orchestral tutti are very coarsely played. BIZET: *Carmen*—Air des Fleurs, and *Werther*—"J'aurais sur ma poitrine" (Raoul Jobin/Opera Comique Orch./Cluytens, LX1171). I have heard reports that M. Jobin is an exceptionally gifted tenor. If so, this record does him a disservice; the voice seems to come from somewhere above the eyes, and the climaxes are nasal and shouting. No doubt the impression made by "J'aurais sur ma poitrine" should be one of feverish haste; but in the Flower Song this effect is out of place. I prefer James Johnston's record of this air, English text and all, to its many and distinguished rivals. SCHUBERT: *Die Forelle* and *Seligkeit* (Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, LB77). One of the best records Miss Schwarzkopf has made. The songs suit her voice and she sings them with a poetic feeling which never harms the vocal line. The balance is excellent. FAURÉ: *Soir*, and *Les Berceaux* (Bernac/Poulenc, DA1907). Except at the very top, which is now a little threadbare, M. Bernac's voice is the ideal instrument for diffusing the golden glow of *Soir*—perhaps the loveliest of all Fauré's songs. Indeed, this singer's musical intelligence makes it a pleasure to listen to anything he sings. *Les Berceaux*, which is similar in character to *Soir*, suits him particularly well. The piano tone is much less well realised than in Miss Schwarzkopf's record.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
to any address in the world.
Yearly, 32s. 6d.; Six months, 16s. 3d.; Three months, 8s. 6d.
By Air to any country in Europe, £2 10s yearly.
(except Germany, Poland and Iceland, which are £3)
Canada and U.S.A., Air Edition £3 15s. ($15), yearly; Six months, £2 ($8).
Surface Edition, $7 Yearly; Six months, $3.50
Subscriptions may be remitted to BRITISH PUBLICATIONS INC., 150 East 35th Street, N.Y.16, N.Y.
To other countries by special quotation.
NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. *Hol.* 8471.
POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,003

Set by Giles Romilly

The usual prizes are offered for a sonnet which includes, somewhere in it, the following two lines:

"He offered money: the conductor sneered"
"However sad the day or slow the night."

Entries by May 17th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,000

Set by T. C. Worsley

Competitors are invited to celebrate the One Thousandth competition by writing (on the lines of any School Song) a Competition Song suitable for singing at any future gathering of competitors or O.C.s.

Repo t by T. C. Worsley

The songs fell into three classes: dog-latin, which were the best, parodies which were, as usual, on a high level; and straight songs which were the least successful. The writers of good school songs seem to have been genuine *naifs* moving without question in the sticky adolescent ethos where "goals" bears the double meaning, the ethical and the athletic. No competitors were sufficiently unsophisticated really to recapture this and so no one wins a first prize. From the latinists I had regretfully to weed out H.A.C. Evans, E.W.F. and D.N.L., Lamsylon, L.E.J. and Stafford Beer. From the parodists Barbara Coombes, Allan M. Laing (alas!), Constance Sewell; from the straight attempts, Fergie, Lacon, Stanley French. A guinea goes to the six entries printed.

Placet venatoribus persequi leonem:
Placet nobis facere competitionem.
Non Stagnorum facimus ullam rationem:
Emimus Politicum atque Nationem!

Sumus, sed non pallidi, intellectuales.
Raro in facetiis sumus immorales.
Imitamur seduli stylos principales—
Proustum, Kafkam, Eliotum, ceterosque tales.

Non rivales odimus: causa sunt honoris!
Opus, si quis vicerit, plaudimus victoris.
Nec damnamus oculos boni editoris
Proprii si fuerit negligens laboris!

(Post eventum).

Ego vincor iterum! Lange, superasti!!
Iterum, lunatice editor, errasti!!!
Tuos tu sed oculos sine me damnasti—
Rejecisti optimum: pessimum probasti.

Notes: Stagnorum=Pools. Lange=AML quem honoris causa nomino.

CHARLES RACE

In the steps of Arthur Marshall, in the wake of F.C.C.,
In the trail millenial blazed by Laing and Co.,
We besiege the weekly Turnstile that turns not for such as we,
And we sing this doleful ditty as we go.
We are *artistes toujours manqués*, with each judge we draw a blank, we
Are the early worms that always get the bird;
Yet we'd rather serve, divine, Mr. Pritchett's Muses Nine
Than reign in Tin Pan Alley with the herd.
We're poor woolly wits who've lost our sting,
Ha! Ha! Ha!
We're little lone harps with a broken string,
Bah—ah—ah!
Amateur entrants out for a prize,
Pipped at the post by the great and wise—
Rot their timbers and damn their eyes!
Yah! yah! yah!

FINLAYSON

Through the Turnstile gaily clicking
See the cultured entrants throng!
Mentions, runners-up, and winners,
Regulars and raw beginners
Sing as one this loyal song—

Hail New Statesman Competitions!
Bond of friendly rivalry,
Goal of Friday's fond ambitions,
Fount of guineas yet to be.

Hark! the various crowd united
By a common interest,
Pseudonyms, anons, initials,
Poets, bankers, dons, officials,
Chant with true competing zest—
Hail New Statesman Competitions!
Etc., etc., etc.

Victors in a thousand contests,
F.C.C. and L.E.J.,
Pibwob, Laing and Towanbucket,
Join with those who once have struck it
Lucky on their single day—
Hail New Statesman Competitions!
Etc., etc., etc.

R. J. P. HEWISON

ALMA MARTIN

Onward and yet ever onward,
With Parnassus as their aim,
Martin's men in friendly combat,
Play, play up, and play the game.

Whether in the field of satire,
Or in straight poetic vein,
Each, within his limit keeping,
Strives perfection to attain.

With the great names e'er before us,
Who have battled and have won—
Fergie, Little Billee, Sharpless,
A. M. Laing and Hewison—

Let us take a vow that never,
Through life's turnstiles as we wend,
Shall we fail in high endeavour
For our Muses, each week-end.

D. R. PEDDY

mf Forty years on, growing dimmer and dimmer,
Lacking in bite although long in the fang;
Prosy in style and of wit not a glimmer,
dim What will it help you that once you beat Laing?
f Week after week raise a cheer for the winners,
Bettering Petrarch, or Rimbaud, or Donne;
Proust for the bold, (*p*) clerihews for beginners,
cres Pastiche and parody, forty years on.

Chorus:
f Runners up, runners up, runners up!
dim rall Not a tear, nor a sigh, nor a sob
At the loss of the twenty-five bob.
ff Chins up!
fff Runners up!

KIM

We are Fred Karno's Army, the N.S.N.O.C.,
We cannot rhyme, we cannot write, no bloody use are we!
We never could get into print like Laing or F.C.C.,
But no one doubts what bloody fine scouts are the N.S.N.O.C.!

SNOMIS

CHESS: Bitter End for Snatch

It is said—perhaps too often—that one attraction of chess is that it symbolises the struggle of life. Another stock remark is that it is both an art and a science—an art because it can express both style and character, a science because many shelves are filled with literature on the theory of the game. However that may be, chess is probably the only game that can have as satisfying—and as time-absorbing—an effect on its addicts as, say, music; those who are once captivated, admit the truth of the old adage: "No fool can play chess, and only fools do."

As for the symbolism, one may find in it a complete philosophy of Time and Space, or, if your prefer, a balance between Position and Material. Just as in life, so in chess, you can sacrifice material to improve your position, then "cash in" by regaining your expenses with compound interest. Or again you may squander your resources in chasing a chimera. Your opponent will interpret your position in different terms. He will say that, having taken legitimate risks he has successfully weathered the storm and emerged from the crisis all the stronger. Take the moves:

White	*Black*
(1) P-K4	P-K4
(2) P-Q4	P x P
(3) P-QB3	

Here the books will tell you that with the late Dr. Lasker's excellent move, P-Q4, Black can get the better of it, refuting White's gambit. Try this out yourself, but just now imagine that the black pieces are not handled by a disciple of Lasker's, but by Mr. Snatch who will gleefully grab Mr. Dash's QBP. Indeed, after the latter's (4) KB-B4, Snatch will pocket the KtP too. Now look at the position after White's (5) B x P. No book can tell you if this is a clear-cut win for either side, but one thing is certain. White, for the sacrifice of two pawns has gained considerable positional advantage. To avoid catastrophe, Black will soon have to trade back material for position, to equalise he may have to return all his gains. Mr. Snatch having neither the wisdom nor the courage to desist from his What-I-have-I-hold policy, our competitors are invited to devise his speedy punishment. On the chessboard justice is meted out inexorably. Imagine yourself to be its stern and swift executor by continuing the game from Dash's 5th move to Snatch's bitter end. Your composition should not exceed 20 moves. Snatch's moves must be "in character," yet, while obviously avoiding such sensible counter-sacrificial moves as (5)—P-Q4, he should not make any ludicrously bad moves. This, e.g., is how the game *might* run:

White	*Black*
(5)	Kt-KB3
(6) Kt-KB3	Kt x KP
(7) B x P ch	K x B
(8) Q-Q5ch	K-K1
(9) O-O!	

To take the Kt would give Black the chance to exchange Queens, so White, consistently, must sacrifice a piece on top of his pawns

(9)	Kt-Q3

(Kt-B4 would lose after O-R5 ch)

(10) R-K1 ch	B-K2
(11) B x KtP	R-B1
(12) Kt-QB3!	

(Dash develops rather than snatch the Exchange)

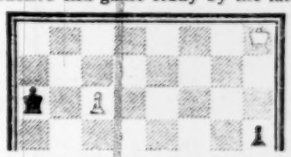
Kt-QB3

(13) Q-R5 ch . . . and, whether Black interposes the R or the Kt., White's next move Kt-Q5 will threaten inescapable Mate on B6.

Try to improve on this. A guinea chessbook token is offered for the most brilliant effort, ½-guinea for the second-best. Entries by May 16th.

* * *

To conclude, here is a delightfully economic end most instructive end-game study by the late R. Reti,



Obviously it would be hopeless for the White K to try to catch the run-away Black P, and since his own passed pawn is well within reach of the Black K, White seems lost. But it still is a draw:

(1) K-Kt7	P-R5
(2) K-B6	

Now, if Black simply pushes his P, White will be just in time to support his own passed P. So Black must play,

K-Kt3

(3) K-K5	K x P

If, instead, Black pushes his own P, White will still be in time to support his own P. But now, with

(4) K-B4	P-R6
(5) K-Kt3	

he can just catch the run-away Pawn.

CAISSA

PERSONAL

YOUNG Potter requires studio or small workshop London district, possibly with small flat. Box 8941.

EXPERT sec. shorthand-typist has some free afternoons, evenings & Saturdays. Own typewriter. Box 8997.

YOUNG man, browned-off office, wants interesting job. Abroad, pref., A.1 cond. No ties. Go anywhere, do anything. Ex-R.T.R. (crew). Can handle autos., engines (maintenance and repairs), trucks, boats, etc. Can work and rough it. Intelligent, adaptable. Box 8949.

GERMAN Graduate teaches general and professional German. Box 8779.

WANTED, lease second-hand bookshop, North, West or Central London. Box 8577.

DRAMATIC Art, general class, evenings. Speech, technique, play rdg., mime, acting. Pars., Verdian, 16 Luxembourg Gdns. W.6.

RUSSIAN lessons given by Russian lady. Tel. PAD. 9610.

EXCHANGE Visits Abroad arranged on basis of reciprocal hospitality. Switzerland & France incl. Riviera. Mrs. Marion Guild, 119 Windsor House, Victoria St. S.W.1.

PRIVATE Tuition Painting and Drawing by Exhibitor R.A., R.B.A., N.E.A.C., etc. Sat. mornings and/or schl. hols. Box 8582.

ITALIAN lessons by native teacher. Mr. R. Tiberi, 48 Cathcart Rd. S.W.10.

ACCENT and Dialect eliminated. Gladys Nyren, L.R.A.M. (Speech and Drama), 5 Antrim Mansions, N.W.3. PRI. 1369.

RUSSIAN, German, French, professional teacher. Ness, 8 Flat, 102 Gt. Tichfield St. W.1.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 12 Belsize Park, N.W.3. Primrose 6982.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Anwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

PERSONAL—continued

NURSE Ollivier. Colds. Colonic irrigation Rheumatism. MAY. 1085.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Marie Heynemann, 179 Goldhurst Terrace, N.W.6.

HOUSE-party in S. Devon, by the sea, invites others who enjoy informal holiday in pleasant country in the interesting company of other young professional people (July 30-Aug. 14) or family party (Aug. 14-30). Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7.

AUSTRIA for Spring and Summer Holidays. Unspoilt Alpine villages. Flower-decked mountain-slopes and meadows; life-giving sunshine. Delightful simple hotels at reasonable prices. Write for illus. brochures. Italy. Special 14 days' tour. Rome, Venice, Florence and Adriatic Coast. 48gns. incl. Fairways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd. (Dept. F.), Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St. S.W.1. Abbey 2214-5.

RATES for Passenger and Freight to all parts of the world by sea or air may be obtained free of charge from Air Liaison, Ltd., 7 Kingsway, London, W.C.2, 'Phone TEM. 5464, and 89/90 Aston St. Birmingham, 'Phone Aston Cross 3303, or Stand P.3, B.I.F., Earls Court.

A BETTER Continental holiday through our personal service, assuring individual attention. France 10 days from £17 5s. 6d. Switzerland 10 days from £19 15s. 6d. Also Scandinavia, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Spain and Portugal, etc. Write, call or 'phone Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., 111 Grand Bldgs., Trafalgar Sq. W.C.2.

BOOK now for Labour's Great Youth Camp at Butlin's, Filey, Yorks, September 17-24. £5 the week. Apply Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

GOOD speech, Stage training, Deportment. All exams. Consult an actor, Adrian Harley, late Prince of Wales, Lyric, Hammersmith Theatres, author of "How to Speak" (Pitman), 14 Tavistock Court, W.C.1. EUS. 3466.

PERSONAL—continued

REAL Gipsy Caravan to let, fully equipped, on dairy farm in heart Brendon Hills, Som. Bunks for 2-3gns. p.w. Box 8900.

SCHOOLMASTERS—if you can get together your own school-party of boys you are invited to enjoy free 2 weeks' hospitality this summer in Swiss mtn. chalet. Box 9032.

CHILDREN'S Holidays. Boys and girls from 5-15 welcomed during Summer Holidays. S.R.N. matron and other experienced staff. Varied programme; riding & care of animals. V. good food. Odam Hill Children's Farm, nr. S. Molton, N. Devon.

CALLING young people! Continental Holidays Association offer delightful holiday Belgian coast (Le Zoute) luxurious mansion. Safe bathing, riding, tennis, etc. (special supervision under sixteens). Currency ensured. Kosher cuisine. Early application: Secretary, 108 Valley Drive, N.W.9.

HOLIDAYS with Work in Bulgaria, Holland, Finland, Norway, Jugoslavia, Switzerland, available to students—past and present—through the National Union of Students, Travel Dept., 3 Endsleigh St. W.C.1. Send s.e. (foolscap) for details, stating country.

SCHOOLS

DANE Court, Pyrford, Woking, and Dane Court, Whatcombe, Blandford. Prep. schools for boys. Same direction, same ideas, sensible discipline, good food. No evg. prep.

FOR training in personal responsibility and world citizenship, Laggan School accepts boys and girls from 5 to 13. Glorious West Coast cntry. Individual attention. Write Secy., Laggan, Ballantrae, Ayrshire, Scotland.

HOME school, Bigbury-on-Sea, S. Devon, for children over 3. Vegetarian diet, moderate fees. W. Merrington, B.Sc.

KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 3 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd. N.W.11.

SCHOOLS—continued

KENSINGTON Froebel Nursery School for children of prof. parents, 9 a.m.-5 p.m. 2½ to 5 yrs. Froebel teachers, catering by qualified dietitian. French and Dancing. Car collection. Weekly boarders accepted. Redcliffe Nursery School, 47 Redcliffe Gdns. S.W.10. Fla. 0489.

KINGSMUIR School, Sible Hedingham, Essex. Branch of Summerhill School. Crafts, riding, excellent diet, central heating. Paying guests welcome.

LONG Dene, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent. 120 children from babies to 18. A co-educational school with good academic, art, games, health records, and a 140-acre farm. Vacancies September: five girls, aged 8-9. Directors: J. C. Guinness, B.A., Karin Guinness (Dalcroze), R. G. H. Job, B.Sc.

MALTMAN'S Green, Gerrard's Cross, 10 to 18. Founder: Miss B. Chambers, M.A., Head Mistress, Miss Theo. M. Lowe, M.A. Aim: to develop character and intellect, respect individuality and encourage initiative.

PINEWOOD, Anwellbury, Herts (Ware 52) for children 4 to 14—where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Facilities for weekly boarders. Elizabeth Strachan.

RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls. Clarendon House, 11 & 12, Clifford St. W.1. Regent 2803. Founded 1901.

FELLOWSHIPS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

BRITISH Institute of Archæology at Ankara offers Fellowship of £350 and Scholarship of £300 for Session 1949-1950 (August 1-July 31). Applicants must be grads. of a U.K. or Br. Commonwealth Univ. and be prepared to spend at least 3 months in Turkey on work approved by Director of Inst. Full partics. from the Secretary, British Inst. of Archæology at Ankara, 50 Queen Anne St. London, W.1. to whom applics. with 4 copies of testims. from Univs. of applicants must be sent by May 16.